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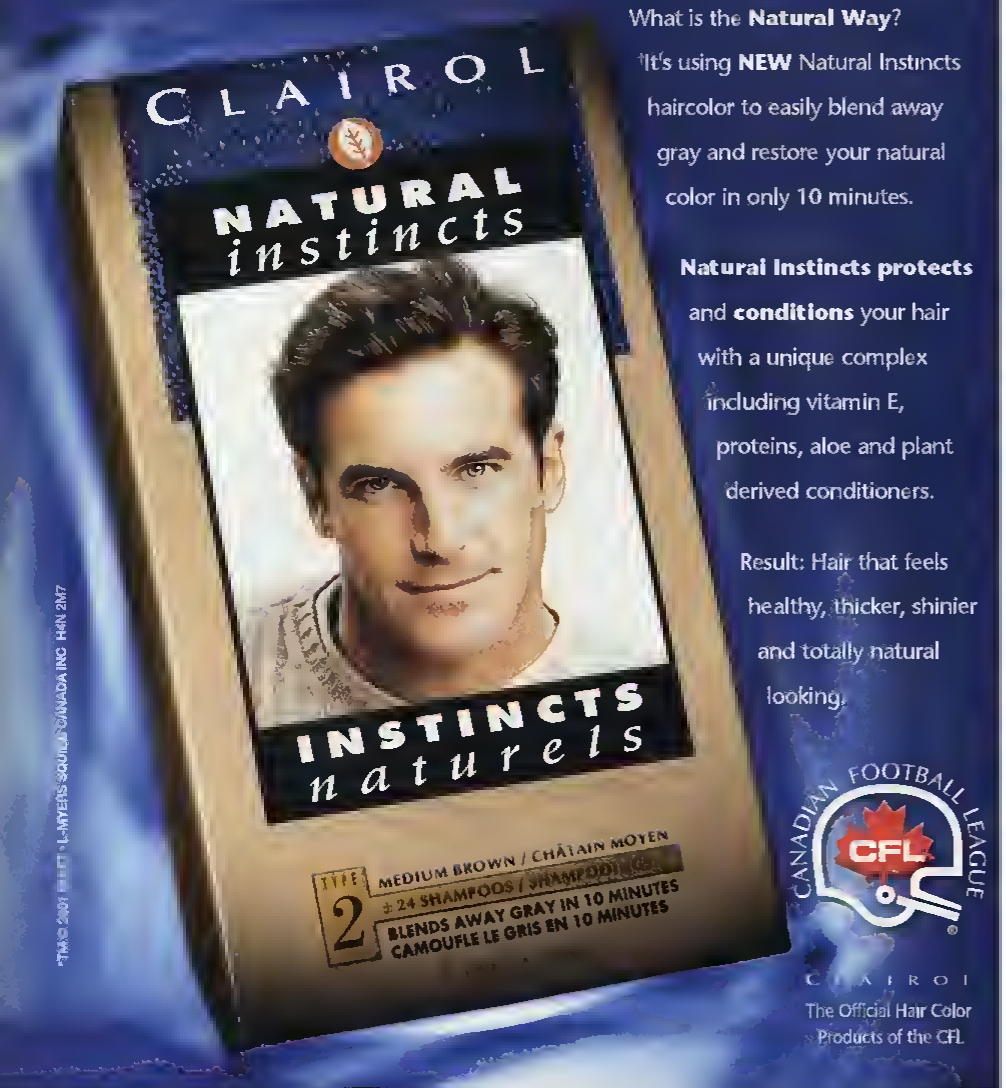




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This Week
October 29, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 44



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IN MEMORIAM

Twenty-four Canadians were among those who perished in the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11. *Maclean's* mourns the victims by celebrating their lives



Shaun Best/Reuters, Arthur Kent, Najlah Feanny/Corbis-Saba, Natalie Behring/Reuters

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Suzanne Langevin for Maclean's, Peter Bregg/Maclean's, Peter Bregg/Maclean's

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Kevin Frayer/CP

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From the
Editor

Fear and loving in America

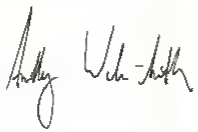
Many years ago, the mother of a close friend was killed during a late-night robbery at the restaurant where she worked. The police investigation that followed seemed perfunctory: the killer was never found. My friend, till then a determined hell-raiser and ferociously competitive athlete, responded in a way that few anticipated. Rather than giving in to bitterness and rage, he became more gentle, soft-spoken, and attentive to his younger siblings. Years later, he talked about things: sure, he said, he would always feel anger and frustration, but he had thought hard about the need to move beyond that. His goal, he said, was to live a life by which he would have few regrets or second-guessing whenever and however it ended. Today, he's a devoted husband and father, church-goer and community pillar.

Though we now live in different cities and are in touch only sporadically, I've thought of him often since Sept. 11. The friends and relatives of the more than 5,200 dead face his challenge—to draw strength from a tragedy that tore lives apart. As we see in profiles of lost Canadians in our cover package, the bereaved are struggling to do that. One wife smiles as she reminisces about her late husband's terrible golf scores, another feels fortunate because she was able to speak to her husband one last time by cellphone after an airplane hit the tower he was in, others staged ceremonies celebrating the lives, rather than mourning the loss, of loved ones.

The bereaved are trying to rebuild their lives even as traditional presumptions and conditions are changing. We see that in some obvious ways—a sudden, dramatic slump in the economy, mass layoffs in different sectors and uncertainty about so many things ahead. Then, the smaller signs: people are travelling less and, when they do so, to less-exotic locales, and enthusiasm for conspicuous consumption is yesterday's trend. Greed *isn't* good.

What may be more important are the different measures by which people are taking stock of their lives. Howard Lutnick, the CEO of Cantor Fitzgerald—a bond-dealing firm that lost more than 730 people in the attacks—was formerly known as one of the most ruthless players around Wall Street. He now says his priority will be attending to the needs of the dependants of lost employees. Other people have also reconsidered priorities, although articulating their reasons in other ways. Ontario Premier Mike Harris, in announcing his retirement from politics, didn't specifically cite Sept. 11. But Harris, an affable man in person who is nonetheless normally reticent about his feelings, talked about how, on a flight back to North Bay recently, he looked at the autumn leaves in a new way, and decided it was time to do different things—including focus more on family. And there have been a flurry of media reports about couples who had been struggling along, uncertain about a future together, either deciding finally on marriage—or a breakup—post-Sept. 11. No matter which outcome, those people all cited the same logic: it's no longer OK to leave life-defining decisions unresolved.

Some say that new ethos is temporary—destined to disappear when normalcy returns. But after airborne attacks and anthrax, uncertainty and fear seem embedded in everyday life. Small courtesies and kindnesses—or the absence of them—will play a large part in determining the sort of society we become.



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The Mail

View from within

You suggest that security measures such as photo identity cards and closed-circuit cameras inside planes "sound like a nightmare" ("Fortress North America," Special Report, Oct. 15). I don't agree. People in the World Trade Center lived a nightmare; people in Afghanistan are living in a nightmare. Here in Canada, we are living in paradise. And if the price for paradise is carrying a photo ID or knowing I am watched sometimes, so be it. I have nothing to hide.
Heather J. Arian, Pushinch, Ont.


Keith Fraser/CP
Heightened airport security

Maybe it's time for Canada to join much of the rest of the world in making mandatory the checking of travel documents of all individuals leaving the country. It is too easy for wanted persons, persons who overstay their visas or have no visas at all to exit the country undetected.
David Lloyd, Vung Tau, Vietnam

"Fortress North America" suggests that Canada's senators are being asked by Immigration Minister Elinor Caplan to speed up the passage of Bill C-11, "which will make it easier to deport undesirables." The problem is that Caplan will throw out the baby with the bathwater. She continues to support a policy that appropriates at least $46 million to investigate and prosecute Canadian citizens, some of whom have lived and contributed for more than 50 years to our society, on the grounds that they *may* have lied coming into Canada from Europe following the Second World War. How pathetic. Let's look for current threats to our security, and maybe even go after people for whom we have proof of war criminality.
Donald G. Baker, Toronto

Why bomb?

If both Osama bin Laden and the Taliban leaders of Afghanistan are still alive and kicking, then who (or what) exactly is being bombed ("War," Cover, Oct. 15)? This is a war against certain individuals, not against some outdated war arsenals and machinery—those can be acquired again. Bombing without a clear or even a locatable target hardly seems intelligent. I say let's stop the assaults, wise up and not lower our own morals to those of the terrorists. When our intelligence does unveil the organizational structure of the terrorists and their whereabouts, then we strike. Let's be specific and hit the head of the snake.
Baha Abu-Shaqra, Barrie, Ont.

Prime Minister Jean Chrétien represents my views as a Canadian when he takes a measured and thoughtful approach to this frightening war of the new millennium. We can't win a war where there are no rules of engagement, where young men seek redemption in killing the innocent and where the generals tell them they are doing God's work. I am a mother and a grandmother. I have a son. But I also love freedom and I know that sometimes it is best to go to war to keep the peace. I trust Chrétien to do what he thinks is best.
Lynda Sorensen, Yellowknife

Support the women

For decades, the international community was almost unanimous in its condemnation of South Africa's apartheid policy. Strict economic sanctions eventually forced that country to stop oppressing blacks. Why then are we so apathetic when it comes to the despicable treatment of women by some Muslim nations? They should not be able to justify their actions through religion or under the veil of culture. Human rights are human rights.
Craig and Wendy Smith, London, Ont.

If you think we've got scary problems right now, they are no worse than when Hitler's armies were racing through France. During those dark times, the music of the day filled the British people with courage and fortitude. They found solace and consolation in tunes like *Rule, Britannia*, *Land of Hope and Glory* and *Hearts of Oak*. However, it was popular little ditties like *Run Adolf, Run Adolf, Run, Run, Run* and *(We're Gonna Hang Out) The Washing on the Siegfried Line* that stirred the heart and made you forget your troubles for a while. So where are they today—the hacks, the Tin Pan Alley guys, who wrote those inspiring songs? We need music and songs to lift our spirits, cheer us up, and make us laugh and grin.
Eric V. Mold, Vancouver

The Dalai Lama, a wise Buddhist leader, counselled: "Real compassion comes from seeing the suffering of others, feeling a responsibility and wanting to do something for them." Today, we are seeing the "suffering of others." Let us make a truly compassionate difference by making war on the desperate poverty in Afghanistan and elsewhere in the world. Then peace might just prevail.
David and Kay Kos, Saltspring Island, B.C.

The West haters live a contradiction. Even while demanding the West's riches, they hate what those riches imply. They hate the Western pursuit of life, liberty, wealth and happiness—that is what the World Trade Center represented. However, robbing the West is not their ultimate aim: they want to see Western values destroyed. Ayn Rand explained the essence of this



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belief in her book *Atlas Shrugged*: "They do not want to live, they want you to die."
John Dawson, Melbourne, Australia

Too free speech?

I believe the media have missed the point over the Sunera Thobani controversy ("Overbites," Overture, Oct. 15). It is not a question of her right of free speech or whether she should be charged for inciting hatred. I believe that most citizens are incensed that this person is able to influence our youth with such radical ideas from a university platform.
James Pocklington, West Vancouver

It is highly unfair to Sunera Thobani that *Maclean's* quoted only those who were against her speech. There are people who agree with her.
Aristotle de Asis, Richmond, B.C.

That was then, this is now

The attempt by Robert Nielsen to draw a comparison between the terrorists of Sept. 11 and the Japanese kamikaze pilots of the Second World War is abhorrent and illogical ("Foes and friends," The Mail, Oct. 15). The kamikaze missions were carried out as a true act of war between belligerent parties. The aim and result of their suicide missions was to destroy enemy shipping and kill enemy sailors. The terrorists killed innocent passengers in the planes they hijacked and took thousands more innocent lives at the World Trade Center. The only common element between these two acts is that they were driven by fanaticism.
William Lamb, Harlington, Ont.

Holocaust denial

I was dismayed by Allan Fotheringham's article on the death of newspaper columnist Doug Collins in which Fotheringham has now turned both apologist and defender for historical revisionists and Holocaust deniers ("Death of a true radical," Oct. 15). Fotheringham suggests that "having been there" justifies Collins's distorted and inflammatory views on the number of victims. Hardly, and for Fotheringham to suggest so is truly shameful and a gross insult to the victims, but certainly in keeping with his reputation to provoke in the absence of real journalistic rigour. That issue of *Maclean's* will likely find its way into the home of all anti-Semites and Holocaust deniers. It will not remain in mine.
Morris Karmazyn, London, Ont.

Ovations for Allan Fotheringham's column on Doug Collins. And a pardon for the slip that he was fired by the *North Shore News*. Not. Doug retired, age 77, two years before the B.C. Human Rights Tribunal upheld the complaint against him. His publisher, Peter Speck, and executive editor, Timothy Renshaw, made the supreme journalistic sacrifice: they defended Doug's right to give his opinion, until—remarkable coincidence—both were fired themselves. Renshaw wrote an eloquent letter in response to the smugly self-exculpating editorial in *The Vancouver Sun*, corporate sister of the *News*. A kindly man, I suggested gently in a subsequent column that *The Vancouver Sun* had persistently left the defence of its own and all journalists' vital interests raised by the tribunal orders in the Collins case to a long list of civil liberties associations, lawyers' groups and other newspapers. The *Sun*, where I worked for 34 mostly happy years, published no letters critical of its ugly screed.
Trevor Lautens, West Vancouver

Cable bundling

In "The digital divide" (Business, Oct. 15), on the coming digital channels, you mention "bundling." This practice is prevalent already in the cable industry and forces all subscribers to swallow the French channels that are on the cable. The bundling always takes the form of desirable/undesirable: unwanted channels cannot be broken or traded from the bundle for wanted channels. This is the same as going for an expensive dinner and being forced to pay for a half-dozen side orders even though you have no intention of eating them. How is it that Canadians can be held to ransom like this?
Harri Leinonen, Nipigon, Ont.

For more letters: www.macleans.ca



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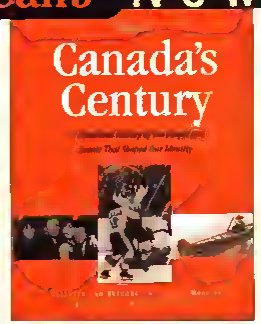
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Maclean's News



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Overture

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Mike Harris: Say what you will about his record, Ontario's premier at least knew enough to get out before it all went sour—most pols don't.



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Jean Chrétien: Adrienne Clarkson precedes him in visiting navy in Halifax, diluting media impact of PM's visit two days later. Chrétien's instincts, or advisers, have been letting him down lately

Etching history on hollow shells



Kyoungsoo Jang/Toronto Sun

Todd Korol/© Macleans

Xui is the egg man, painting heroes, politicians and celebs

With a paintbrush, an X-acto knife and a skill learned at his grandfather's side in pastoral China, David Xui paints and etches portraits onto hollow eggshells—an art form that can be traced back to the 4th-century artistic calligraphy of the Jin dynasty. Since coming to Canada in 1994, Xui has mostly culled his subject matter from Canadian political history. His egg portraits of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip were accepted by Buckingham Palace. Alberta Premier Ralph Klein keeps his egg image in his office; former Calgary mayor Al Duerr displays his in his dining room, and Xui plans to give a Pierre Trudeau egg to the former prime minister's family soon.

But lately, the 39-year-old Calgary-based artist, who is also a full-time picture framer, has been working on a more personal project. Xui lost his friend **Lin Wei-Rong** in the World Trade Center attack and has recently found a way to assuage his grief and pay tribute to the firefighters who died trying to save Wei-Rong and thousands of others. Inspired by the heroism of the 343 fallen rescuers, Xui has begun to etch their faces onto eggshells. He will present the collection to the city of New York next year.

It takes Xui three hours to paint each brown egg—using brown ink—and scratch in the lines and shading of the face. "This is the only way I can show my respect, my admiration," says Xui. "What I really want to do is pour all my emotion into the artworks and let the artworks speak." Xui adds that his unusual canvas is fitting for this particular memorial: "The egg is symbolic. It means new life."

Ethan Baron

Is Manley pulling a Manning?

He was bland, now he's bold. He was in the shadows, now, on most post-Sept. 11 news days, he's in the spotlight. **John Manley**'s image has been coming into focus this fall. Whispers that the foreign affairs minister might be a leadership contender when—make that *if*—**Jean Chrétien** retires no longer sound so outlandish.

And it doesn't hurt that he's looking, well, prime ministerial. His former appearance—an unfortunate combination of unruly hair and a lazy eye behind unflattering glasses—earned him the nickname "Beaker," after the startled-looking puppet from *The Muppet Show*. Lately, though, Manley is neatly groomed, buff and unbespectacled. But his political team is aghast at talk that their guy has undergone a **Preston Manning**-style image overhaul. "This is not a makeover," insists one top aide.

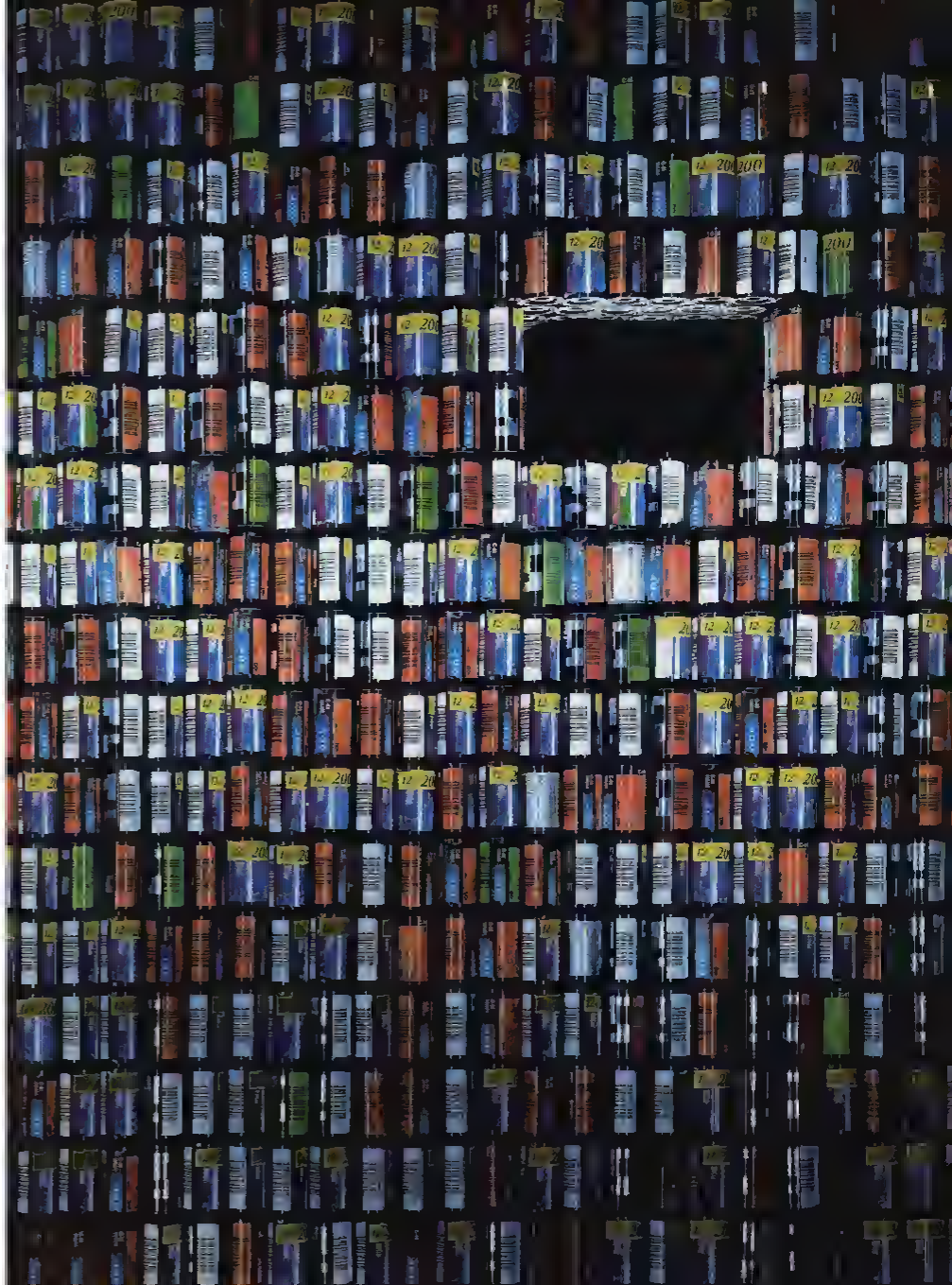
How, then, to explain his new, improved packaging? Here's the official explanation: His hair is shorter because, as a serious long-distance runner, Manley finds it more comfortable for training. Far from having switched to a slick salon, he remains a loyal, longtime customer of the old-style Victoria Barber Shop just off Parliament Hill. As for discarding his glasses, Manley was advised—after surgery to correct his lazy eye last December—to get rid of them to exercise his vision. (He still wears them for reading.)



Fred Lum/Canapress

Mike Ploder

So there you have it: a couple of unrelated little changes that add up to one big improvement in the telegenic qualities of an energetic—and ambitious—politician. And it all came together just in time for Manley's unexpected star turn on the national political stage.



Life's like a box of chocolates

Bryana Ganong has been blessed by genetics Legend has it that her great-grandfather used to eat three pounds of chocolate a day Her great-uncle reportedly ate between one and two pounds per day. The svelte 28-year-old great-great-granddaughter of **James Ganong**, the co-founder of Ganong chocolates, has inherited her ancestors' sweet tooth. "My favourite one changes a lot," she says "But I never get sick of chocolate."

Bryana is the new face of Ganong Bros. Ltd.—a New Brunswick institution since 1873—and is featured in a series of commercials touting its new line of premium gift chocolates. It's a job that she never imagined she'd have "Even though five generations have worked at the company," she says, "I didn't always assume I would end up working there"

As the ambassador for her family s chocolates, Ganong has her work cut out for her Outside of Atlantic Canada, many are unfamiliar with the company's 128-year tradition. But back in New Brunswick, it's a different story. "Everywhere I go," says Ganong, "people expect that I'll bring chocolate."

Tanya Marissen



Teresa Tashiro for Maclean's

Ganong's a sweetheart



CP Archive

Sinatra, Lowe and Dorsey make magic with Lowe's sad song

Mother of Pearl strings the hits

For five years, the Vancouver-based jazz quintet **Mother of Pearl** has gathered the history of "the gals who preceded us" says **Colleen Savage**, vocalist for the all woman group The role of Canadian women in jazz was largely untold until Savage, **Brenda Baird**, **Karan Graves**, **Lauri Lyster** and **Wendy Salloway** set it to words and music The result is a wildly eclectic show called *Shebop!*—which Mother of Pearl premiered in Vancouver and hopes to tour In its research Mother of Pearl uncovered some interesting quiz show-like facts.

Q: *Who wrote* ***Frank Sinatra****'s first hit?*
A: Toronto pianist and music-store employee **Ruth Lowe**, a widow in her early 20s, poured her grief into her 1939 song *I'll Never Smile Again* A year later **Tommy Dorsey** arranged the song for Sinatra

Q: *Who wrote the first Canadian song to sell a million copies?*
A: Vancouver nurse **Elizabeth Clarke** was inspired by a young patient's excitement at spotting a bird at the window Her song *There's a Bluebird on Your Windowsill* became a hit for **Doris Day**, **Bing Crosby** and others.

Q: *Who is the author of the* Hockey Night in Canada *theme?*
A: Vancouver born **Dolores Claman**—a composer of advertising and theatre scores—wrote the durable tune in 1968



Illustration for Maclean's by Michael Cho

Absolutely frightening

Five years after downing their last bottle of champagne, Pats and Eddy are back! The two alcohol-swilling, cigarette-smoking divas of the hit British comedy series *Absolutely Fabulous*—which has been off the air since 1996—return for a new season of overindulgence starting Nov 2 on The Comedy Network. In this fourth instalment of *Ab Fab*, Patsy Stone (**Joanna Lumley**) and Edina Monsoon (**Jennifer Saunders**) revert to their wicked ways—battling age, weight and fashion trends with characteristic sarcasm and black humour. Here's some vital statistics from the first few episodes of the forthcoming season. Some average numbers per episode:

8.8 Ciggies smoked
4.3 Glasses of champagne consumed
6.7 Fashion crimes committed
2 Attempts at self-improvement botched
13.2 Minutes spent obsessing about weight
12.5 Minutes spent obsessing about age
0 Minutes spent working

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Over to You NELOFER PAZIRA

Bombs and bread

I remember when my family and I arrived in Canada in October, 1990, how CBC television came to talk to us about the mujahedeen struggle and the glory of their "holy war" against Communist rule in Afghanistan. When I was trying to explain in my broken English that the Pakistani-based mujahedeen forces were no better than the Communist government, that the so-called freedom fighters harassed Afghan women on the streets of Peshawar and Islamabad, forcing them to stay in their homes and punishing them if they failed to fully cover themselves, the reporter lost interest—the crew ran out of time.

Today as an Afghan-Canadian, I find the words of the Western media and politicians absurd. After ignoring Afghanistan for more than a decade, they now wish to portray themselves as its saviours. What is even more preposterous is that Afghans are expected to believe the Western warplanes have come to bring freedom and democracy to their country, and to feed at least six million needy people with tens of thousands of food packages, dropped with bombs from the sky. And for Afghans to be grateful for this civilized gesture. Bombs and bread are accompanied by leaflets that explain this humanitarianism, Western-style.



Afghan kids familiar with warfare

Ironically, it was the same pundits who, in the 1980s, persuaded the world that the warlords who fought Russians in Afghanistan were freedom fighters. They spoke at length about heroic Afghans who fought the "Red menace," but said little about their true nature. After all, the West and its allies—Pakistan, Saudi Arabia and Egypt—created and supported some of the same guerrilla fighters who are now called terrorists.

Then, at the end of the Cold War, there was amnesia about Afghanistan. Faces of my classmates at Carleton University went blank when I said I liked Canada because it was "peaceful," in contrast to the ongoing war in the country where I came from. The notions of peace and war seemed abstract to them. However, for me, conflict was both tangible and real.

In 1998, I returned from a visit to Peshawar, where I saw thousands of widows from Kabul begging in the market, Afghan children with no future, and people with mutilated faces and no legs lying on street corners. But people in the West were no longer interested in hearing their stories—with the exception of a few feminist organizations. The Taliban's practices were often erroneously referred to as "part of their culture."

Now, television and newspapers use images of bewildered refugee children and women under the covering of the burka to justify one of the most unjust and unnecessary wars of our time. Unjust because it is launched in the name of the innocent victims of Sept. 11, who may or may not have wished to see the people of another country die in their names. Unnecessary because the goal this war has set out to achieve could have been reached through non-military means.

There was no need for a war to rid Afghanistan of the Taliban. Pakistan and Saudi Arabia could have destroyed the Taliban by cutting off their financial and military support. Pakistan serves as a conduit for the Taliban, who have no access to the outside world. To overthrow the Taliban, it would have been easier to cut off their oxygen supply.

At the leadership level, the Taliban are politically dependent on Pakistan's support. At ground level, the Taliban are a group of hungry Afghan refugees, former mujahedeen forces, desperate Afghans who are indoctrinated with Saudi Wahabbi ideology, an extreme brand of Islam, and know nothing other than the pathology of warfare that they have experienced for 20 years.

What's terribly disturbing is that instead of a serious debate about disarming a wounded, starving people, there is much discussion about arming one ethnic group or coalition over another. While the world has concentrated on the war and its justification through whatever means, I, like the majority of Afghans who live in the West, worry about the future of a country that for the past 20 years has been turned into an international arms exhibition.

I remember the horrifying nights we spent in Kabul. I was 15 years old at the time. While the mujahedeen rockets went over our heads, my family and I sat on the floor against the wall, holding our knees. I remember the sound of each explosion and wondering whether it was safer to stay inside the house or run outside. How do the people in Afghanistan feel about this new round of bombs when they are still living with 10 million unexploded landmines—one of which killed my uncle—the father of seven young children?

In Afghanistan, one person dies every five minutes, one is forced to become a refugee every minute, and 10 are injured by landmines daily. Their prospects will not improve with yet another war. I have lived through the experience and I know that violence is not a solution. Violence is barbarism, and the current war is no exception.

Nelofer Pazira, 27, is a journalist and graduate student based in Ottawa. She's also the star of the film Kandahar *(page 59)*

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The Week That Was

MARTIN TALLIES THE NEW ECONOMICS

It's a politician's right to change his mind. For weeks, Finance Minister Paul Martin has been under growing pressure to bring down a fall budget. The economy was already slowing when the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks drastically altered Canada's economic outlook—some experts say those events, in fact, pushed the nation into recession. That means it's time, many contend, for Martin to update his earlier rosy forecasts. So far, he has resisted—but last week signalled he's wavering. "I'm very open to bringing down a budget," he told the House, "but I want to make sure I have all the facts at hand before doing so." He promised a decision "relatively soon." Martin last tabled a full budget in February, 2000, although the pre-election financial statement he delivered eight months later essentially served the same purpose.

The aftershocks of Sept. 11 kept Martin busy on other fronts as well. He announced Ottawa will be host to three major international financial meetings—all at the same time. After India backed out amid the escalating war in the region, Ottawa is taking over from New Delhi is holding a conference for G-20 finance ministers and central bank governors on Nov. 17 and 18. Martin will also host International Monetary Fund and World Bank meetings, originally scheduled for late September in Washington, but postponed after the terrorist attacks.

In the meantime, Alberta—already hit hard by plunging natural resource prices following the terrorist strikes—went ahead and revised its spending and budget forecasts. According to



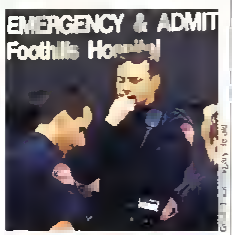
Finance Minister Pat Nelson, the province will postpone work on hospitals, schools, roads and other programs worth $1.26 billion. The changes reflect a forecast $1.2 billion drop in resource revenues this fiscal year. Quebec will bring down a budget in November.

More troubles

In an attempt to finally push the terrorist Irish Republican Army into disarming, Northern Ireland's largest Protestant party formally abandoned the province's unity government. Under the Good Friday peace accord signed in 1998, Britain turned the administration of Northern Ireland over to political parties representing both Protestants and Catholics, including Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA. Under the terms of the deal, the IRA was to disarm, but so far has refused. As a result, Ulster Unionist Leader David Trimble said his party's three remaining cabinet ministers were pulling out of the government. "We have sustained an inclusive executive for 18 months," he said, "and for those 18 months the republican movement has done nothing to reciprocate." If the IRA should begin to disarm, Trimble said, politicians from his party would resume their posts. Britain must now decide whether to assume direct control of the administration or force elections. But polls show unprecedented levels of support for the two most hardline parties in the coalition, Sinn Fein and Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionists on the Protestant side.

A policeman's tragedy

It's not supposed to happen. As part of a Calgary police training exercise, the force's tactical team was deployed in a simulated hostage taking. And the team's six members were supposed to be using fake ammo called simmunition. But somehow a live round ended up in the police issue Glock semiautomatic handgun used in the shooting. Const. Darren Beatty, 29, died after he was shot in the neck by a fellow team member described as a best friend. Beatty, a member of the tactical team since February, 2000, was married with no children.



Fellow Calgary police officers after Beatty's fatal shooting

Burgers 'n' bugs

Drug-resistant bacteria show up with alarming frequency in U.S. ground meat, and overuse of antibiotics on healthy livestock is to blame, according to three studies published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*. In one study, researchers tested ground beef, chicken, turkey and pork bought in Washington-area supermarkets and found 20 per cent of the samples contained salmonella "super bugs"—strains resistant to available antibiotics. Salmonella is a major cause of food poisoning, and an editorial in the authoritative periodical called for restrictions on antibiotic use in the livestock industry. A spokesman for Health Canada says the issue is being "actively studied."

Optimism over lumber

Canadian officials were upbeat after two days of talks with a U.S. delegation over the vexing softwood lumber issue. At the meeting in Vancouver of federal, provincial and U.S. trade officials, British Columbia put forward a package of measures that included changes to pricing and logging systems. While the U.S. side didn't comment, B.C. Forests Minister Mike de Jong said the Americans were showing flexibility. Washington has imposed tariffs that could cost Canada $1 billion a year. More talks are due in Montreal this week.

Russian bases close

In another sign of rapprochement between the U.S. and Russia, the Russian military announced it will close two major Cold War-era bases. Cam Ranh Bay, a naval support base in Vietnam, and Lourdes, a radar station in Cuba used to monitor U.S. compliance with arms-control agreements, will begin shutting down in January. While Russian officials said the Cuban base was simply no longer required, Fidel Castro's government blamed "relentless" U.S. pressure—Congress had voted last year to withhold aid to Russia unless Lourdes was closed.

Free to go

Elmer Blanchard is off the hook. The 81-year-old Second World War vet had been charged with uttering a bomb threat after speaking to security staff searching his wife's change purse at Charlottetown's airport. His family says he simply asked if they were looking for a bomb, police say he didn't ask a question...he made a statement. Last week, prosecutors stayed the charge, saying it wasn't in the interests of justice to proceed.

Off to jail

In Nelson, B.C., Justice Mark McEwan sentenced Mary Braun, an 81-year-old Doukhobor, to six years in prison and a $200,000 fine for setting fire to a college building in August. Braun, who stood naked in the courtroom to symbolize the renunciation of possessions, has a long history of committing arson. "The overriding concern in this circumstance," said McEwan, "must be the safety of the public."

Backing Bombardier

Federal officials vowed to continue supporting the sales efforts of Montreal aircraft-maker Bombardier Inc. despite the hostility of the World Trade Organization. A WTO interim ruling supported a Brazilian challenge to Ottawa's $1.7 billion in low-cost loans to Air Wisconsin to buy 150 Bombardier regional jets, saying such matching of a Brazilian offer isn't permitted. Industry Minister Brian Tobin said Ottawa would maintain the financing. The government was also expected to appeal the ruling, part of a long and bitter battle with Brazil, which backs Bombardier rival Embraer S.A.

'THIS IS WHAT DEMOCRACY LOOKS LIKE'

It was just the sort of exchange you might expect between a social-justice activist and a Bay Street baron. As some 2,000 protesters took to the streets in Toronto's financial district, a man in a black Lincoln Town Car yelled, "Get a job like everyone else!" One demonstrator yelled back, "I'm helping you and you don't even know it." How was never explained, maybe the activist thought it was self-evident. The Ontario Common Front had organized the march to protest a host of issues, notably Tory policies on health, housing and education. Many of the protesters—whose major accomplishment was snarled traffic—chanted "This is what democracy looks like." If that's the case, democracy is a woefully chaotic and messy affair. Forty protesters were jailed and Mayor Mel Lastman fumed that the city should sue the organizers for the cost of policing and cleaning up the graffiti, newspapers and overturned mailboxes left behind.



Police try to clear a path for a pro-poverty minister in Toronto

Passages

Awarded: **Mary Swan**, a library assistant at the University of Guelph in Ontario, has been writing for 25 years and has published almost a dozen short stories. Now, she has won her first major prize—the prestigious O. Henry Award—for her novella *The Deep*. The annual award is given to the best published piece of short fiction by Canadian and American authors. Swan, 48, says it took almost 10 years to write *The Deep*, a story about a pair of identical twins who go to France as nurses during the First World War. Second place was awarded to American **Dan Chaon** for *Big Me*, while Canada's **Alice Munro** came in third with her story *Floating Bridge*.

Ailing: **Helen Hart**, the 76-year-old matriarch of Canada's famous Hart wrestling family, was in a diabetic coma and relying on a respirator. Known by many in the wrestling world as the "princess among pirates," Hart is the wife of Stampede Wrestling founder **Stu Hart** and the mother of 12 children, including retired World Wrestling Federation star **Bret (The Hitman) Hart** and **Dwan (Blue Blazer) Hart**, who fell to his death in a 1999 wrestling stunt. Hart suffered a seizure in September and was hospitalized in Calgary.

Arrested: **Imelda Marcos** surrendered to a Philippine court on corruption charges after a judge issued a warrent for her arrest. The 72-year-old widow of Philippine dictator **Ferdinand Marcos** is accused of laundering $55D million during her time as minister of human settlements in the 1970s. The charges are part of a much wider case against Marcos on allegations of plundering the economy while her husband ran the country from 1965 to 1986. Marcos, known for her massive shoe collection, fingerprinted herself and submitted her own colour mug shots before being released on $3,800 bail.



Arrested: **Winnie Madikizela-Mandela**, prominent political leader and ex-wife of former South African president **Nelson Mandela**, was arrested in Pretoria and charged with 85 counts of fraud and theft of more than $150,000. The charges stem from an alleged scam to obtain bank loans for non-existent employees of the African National Congress Women's League, of which Madikizela-Mandela, 65, is the president. If convicted, she faces a minimum of 15 years in prison.



Arrested: **Rodney King**, the victim of a 1991 police beating caught on videotape, was detained for allegedly driving under the influence of a psychedelic drug on Oct. 13. It was his third arrest in the past six weeks. King, 36, was released from jail after posting $3,800 bail. His other arrests were for suspicion of being under the influence of drugs and for exposing himself. In 1994, King was awarded a $5.3-million settlement after a jury determined that the Los Angeles police officers who beat him up violated his civil liberties.

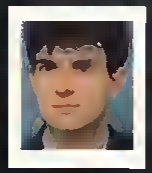
Died: **Peter Wood**, was one of Canada's most outspoken AIDS activists during the 1980s and early 1990s and one of the last surviving members of a group of 15 men who founded what is now the AIDS Coalition of Nova Scotia. He was also the first executive director of the AIDS Committee of Newfoundland and Labrador and a board member of the Canadian AIDS Society. Wood, who lived with HIV/AIDS for 15 years, died at his home in Halifax. He was 54.



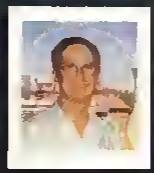
DAVID BARKWAY



MIKE PELLETIER, with wife Sophie and daughter Sydney



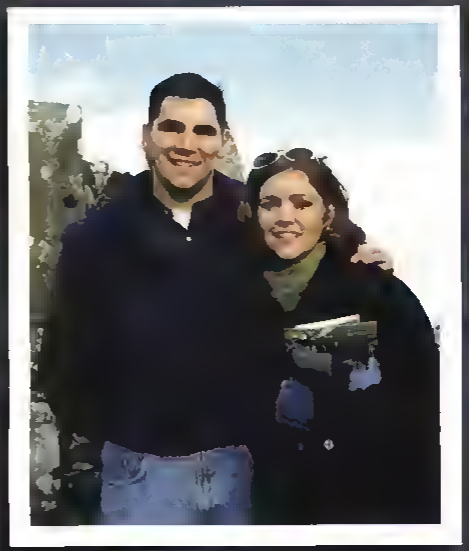
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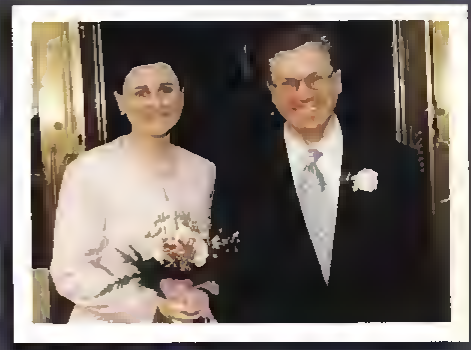
COLIN McARTHUR



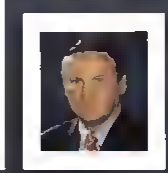
ALEXANDER FILIPOV



MARK LUDWIGSEN, with wife Maureen



MEREDITH EWART and PETER FEIDELBERG



GARNET BAILEY



MIKE ARCZYNSKI

IN MEMORIAM

TWENTY-FOUR CANADIANS WERE AMONG THOSE WHO PERISHED ON SEPT. 11WE REMEMBER THEM WITH A LOOK AT THE HUMAN FACE OF TRAGEDY.



KEN BASNICKI



ARRON DACK, with wife Abigail



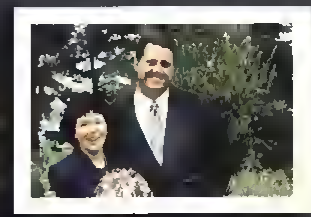
RALPH GERHARDT



CHRISTINE EGAN, and her brother, Michael



DONALD ROBSON (in jacket), with his family



CINDY CONNOLLY, with husband Donald Poissant

IN OUR THOUGHTS

BY ROBERT SHEPPARD

In the teeth of terror, in the imagery of destruction so infinite it conjures up the fires of hell, it is easy to forget the human face of tragedy. Twenty-four Canadians were among the 5,254 believed to have died in the terrorist attacks on Sept. 11. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, more Canadians narrowly escaped the inferno. Millions mourn.

Over the past weeks, *Maclean's* reporters tracked down and contacted the families of 17 of those Canadians who died in the bombing of the World Trade Center. Citing privacy legislation, Ottawa will not release an official list, only the number, so we couldn't find and one family we contacted asked not to be included. This is not an attempt to pry, simply to remember. And for those who spoke to us, remembering was but one tiny way to make sense of a horror that numbs the soul.

The Canadians who perished on Sept. 11 were victims, of course. But from what we have learned of their lives, that's not how they would have thought of themselves. These were all individuals with rich careers and responsibilities and real-life passions. Our list includes a mega-keen rugby player, an investment dealer who liked to cliff dive, a church deacon, a public-health nurse, and a man who had just completed his retirement dream home.

In a cruel twist—or not, depending on your view of fate—some died that day with their loved ones beside them. Meredith Ewart and Peter Feidelberg, both of Montreal, both of whom worked for Aon Corp. of Chicago, an international insurance firm with offices near the top of the south tower, had just reaffirmed their year-old wedding vows a month earlier in their home town. Ralph Gerhardt of Toronto, an investment dealer, worked on the 105th floor of the north tower, along with girlfriend Linda Luzzicone.

Four were in New York on business. Vladimir Tomasevic, 36, a software engineer, was making a new life for himself and his wife in Toronto after leaving the war-torn former Yugoslavia. This was his first trip to New York City. Christine Egan, 55, a Health Canada nurse in Winnipeg—whose job was to combat tuberculosis in remote native communities—had been visiting her brother's office tower when the plane struck.

There are no lessons from these deaths; they were too random, too cruelly calculated. But there may be inspiration from their lives. One who perished was a zestful outdoorsy man who grew up in Vancouver and lived all over the world. He has six children, another on the way. He also has an eight-year-old at home who believes his father is still at the World Trade Center site, helping people escape from the attack. Some day, after much pain, he will understand the truth: yes, his dad was always a hero. ■

ARRON DACK

Arron Dack, 39, was a big man with a big title: six feet, two inches tall, and senior vice-president and director of global sales and alliances at financial technology firm Encompys in New York, a job he had just begun in August. "He was larger than life when he was born," says his mother, Selena Forsyth, of her 10½-lb. only baby, "and larger than life when he died."

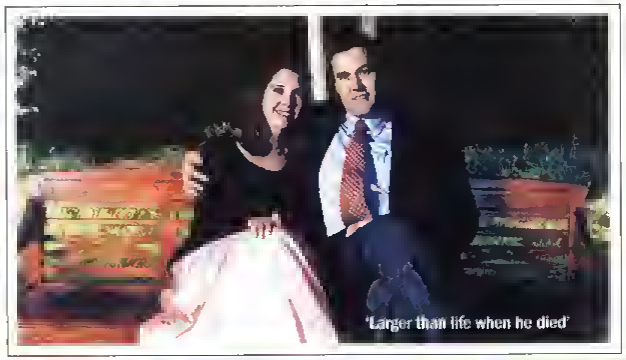
Growing up, Dack never planned on entering the business world. As a child, he aspired to become a veterinarian. His dream was spawned, recalls Forsyth, by the cats, dogs, hamsters and goldfish he owned in Wakefield, England, where he was born. Shortly after the family immigrated to Canada in 1970, Forsyth questioned her son about his obsession. "Why not be a people doctor?" she remembers asking. Dack, then 8, replied: "If you're going to be a vet, you have to be really, really good at it because animals can't tell you where it hurts like other patients."

From an early age, Dack was a high achiever. He graduated from Toronto's Jarvis Collegiate as an Ontario Scholar and made the dean's list at the University of Toronto, where he studied computer science and molecular biology. Later, he passed the Canadian securities course examinations in the top percentile and acquired a master's degree in international business from the University of Boston in Brussels. Dack also spoke Spanish and French, mastered the guitar and mouth harp, and excelled in lacrosse. After competing for the University of Toronto, he was invited for a tryout by the national lacrosse team but declined the offer, saying he wanted to turn his mind to business.

In the corporate world, Dack worked in London and Boston, and then in New York, as the U.S. president of Braid Inc., a midsize London-based software developer and consulting firm with offices in seven countries. "The irony is he loved the World Trade Center," says Forsyth. "It symbolized the pinnacle of the work that he did."

Dack also excelled in his family life—he and his wife, Abigail Carter, were preparing to celebrate their eleventh wedding anniversary on Sept. 29—and was a dedicated father to Carter, 2, and Olivia, 6. At a memorial service on Oct. 8 in Montclair, N.J., nearly 300 of Dack's family, friends and work colleagues came to pay their respects. Many recounted stories about Dack, the intellectual, prankster, family man and business leader.

Shortly after his death, Olivia asked her grandmother if her dad was in heaven. "I believe that heaven is in your heart," says Forsyth. "And I told her, wherever she might be, her daddy is always going to be there with her." Olivia thought about that for a day and then said to her grandmother that her dad is too big to live just in her heart. That's what happens when you're larger than life. ■



'Larger than life when he died'

CINDY CONNOLLY

Cindy Connolly was a familiar figure in the New Jersey commuter town of Metuchen, where she lived with her husband, Donald Poissant. Neighbours recall watching amusedly as Connolly—all of four-feet, nine-inches tall—struggled daily to control Shadow, their hulking Airedale-German shepherd dog. They wondered, says her sister Diane of Acton, Ont., if "it wouldn't be easier for her to throw a saddle on his back."

Connolly's other pet was Obi, an adventurous house cat. Her mother, Sheila, remembers that her younger daughter's love of animals took root as a child growing up in Montreal and nearby Granby. Cindy constantly arrived home with a stray cat at her heels. Adds Sheila: "She was a very loving and caring person." They were lifelong traits. At 40, Connolly took a keen interest in her sister's two girls, and was "auntie" to many of her friends' children.

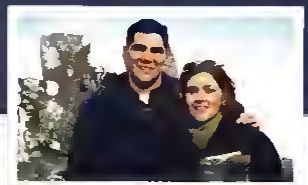
Connolly was one of several employees to transfer from Aon Corp.'s Montreal offices to New York in 1999. "If she could have worked in Canada," says her sister, "she would have." But once in the U.S., Connolly found plenty to hold her interest. Strongly attached to her small New Jersey community, she also enjoyed showing off Manhattan's offerings to Canadian guests. On Sheila's most recent visit from her home in Mississauga, Ont., last June, Connolly and Poissant, who was also raised in Montreal, took her sightseeing, topped off by a Broadway show, *Smokey Joe's Cafe*, starring Gladys Knight.

While Diane recalls the usual childhood sibling rivalries—"Cindy was very headstrong"—the two were always close. They drew even closer following the 1979 car accident that killed their father, Jacques. Now this, says Diane, has left "a big hole in my life." ■



At Montreal's Botanical Garden on her wedding day, Oct. 10, 1998

MARK LUDVIGSEN

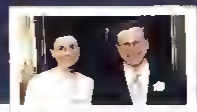


Mark Ludvigsen was five years old when his father bought him a rugby ball for Christmas. The gift sparked a passion that lasted a lifetime. "He got his selflessness from his mother and his love of rugby from me," says Karl Ludvigsen, who taught his son how to tackle on their front lawn in Rothesay, N.B., where he and his wife, Christina, raised Mark and his younger sister, Clare, before the family moved to Portersville, N.J., in 1977. "He'd come running at me with the ball and hit me as hard as he could. Even then he could hit."

Better known to teammates as Lud or Luddy, Mark was committed to rugby and the New York Athletic Club he'd played for since 1991. One of the team's top players, the 32-year-old also contributed to its success off the field. "It was amazing how much time he put into the club recruiting and taking care of new guys," says Michael Tolkin, 33, head coach of the amateur team that lost three players on Sept. 11. "In one case, he got a guy a job, took him out for dinners and let him stay at his house. He was the nicest guy there was." Tolkin says the club now wears jerseys emblazoned with the names of its fallen stars.

At work, Ludvigsen had risen quickly as a bond broker at Keefe, Bruyette & Woods, recently becoming a senior vice-president. He lived with his wife of three years, Maureen, in Manhattan and planned to start a family soon. "He was the type of guy who'd have run back up two flights of stairs to help someone in a wheelchair get out of the building," says Karl. "He was just a wonderful son and friend." ■

MEREDITH EWART AND PETER FEIDELBERG



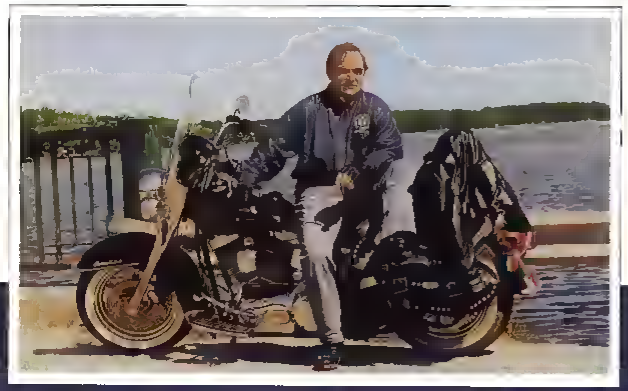
When Meredith Ewart and Peter Feidelberg got married in New Jersey last year, many of their family and friends weren't able to make it. So this summer, Ewart and Feidelberg decided to have a wedding ceremony and celebration in Montreal—where they grew up.

Born in Otterburn Park, Que., Ewart worked briefly with the United Nations in New York after she and Feidelberg, 34, a native of Côte Saint-Luc, Que., moved south in 1997. On Sept. 11, the couple were working at insurance giant Aon Corp., on the top floors of the WTC's south tower. A sports enthusiast, Feidelberg competed in the city's 1998 marathon. The couple married in March, 2000, and bought a home in Hoboken, N.J., across the Hudson River, last April. "Meredith was such a beautiful person," remembers Ken Pilgrim, who taught Ewart drama in grades 8 and 9 in McMasterville, Que. "She had great leadership skills, was easy to get along with and had a great sense of humour. There was never anything bad to say about her." The couple's second wedding ceremony was held on Aug. 11, one month before their deaths. ■

KEN BASNICKI

Looking out at the sunshine through the living-room window of her Toronto home, Maureen Basnicki smiles. "Ken would have been out riding on a day like today," she says of her husband, who last October bought his dream bike, a Harley-Davidson Heritage Softail Classic. "It was his baby. He was always dusting and cleaning it."

Although the Toronto-based financial marketing director with Silicon Valley software firm BEA Systems didn't fit the stereotypical biker mould, his outgoing nature allowed him to connect with all kinds of people. "He earned the respect of everyone he met," says Maureen of her husband, who grew up in Toronto where his father owned a small hardware store. "Even though he was moving up the ranks in the business world, he never forgot his family's blue-collar roots."



His Harley-Davidson was his baby

A conference on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower placed Basnicki in the wrong place at the wrong time. His bike now sits in the garage of the family's recently completed second home in Blue Mountain, Ont. "We planned for it to be our retirement home," says Maureen. "He had it built big enough so there was room for his parents, my mother and the friends of our two kids [Erica, 21, and Brennan, 16]. He was always thinking about his family." Just prior to the attack, Basnicki and his two brothers had been planning a surprise 50th wedding anniversary party for their parents: it went ahead earlier this month.

With an office in the basement of the family home, Basnicki, 48, often worked late, but never at the expense of his health. "He was a fanatic about fitness," laughs Maureen. "Every morning, he was at the gym when the doors opened at six and on weekends he would think nothing of a 100-km road ride on his bicycle." Stepdaughter Erica remembers her dad's reaction a couple of years ago when she told him she was going to quit skiing, his love, to take up snowboarding. "He thought it was crazy at first, but it wasn't long before he went out himself and bought, not one, but four boards of his own," says the Ryerson Polytechnic University journalism student. "And he mastered that sport as well." Maureen, Basnicki's wife of 17 years, proudly adds, "He even got his snowboarding teacher's certificate. He just loved a challenge."

Basnicki's leather motorcycle jacket hangs from the mantel of their Blue Mountain home. Maureen hasn't decided what to do with his bike. After a Sept. 29 memorial service in nearby Collingwood, 30 men on motorcycles escorted many of the 500 in attendance to the Basnicki home for what Maureen called a celebration of Basnicki's life. "He was a very Christian man," says Maureen. "It was exactly how he would have wanted it—prayer before party, but definitely a party." ■

VLADIMIR TOMASEVIC

Vladimir Tomasevic's wife, Tanja, remembers him most for his kindness. "I once made this vegetarian dish," recalls the business analyst for Toronto's BMO Nesbitt Burns Inc. "It was so salty, I couldn't eat it. Being the perfect gentleman that he was, he ate his portion anyway. He had gallons of water afterward and he finished off the leftovers the next day saying it was wonderful."

Tomasevic's politeness wasn't the only thing that stood out. The vice-president of software development for Toronto's Optus e-Business Solutions excelled in every sport he picked up. Born in Yugoslavia in 1965, Tomasevic played water polo and skied as a child. As a teenager, he competed professionally in singles tennis in Yugoslavia's national league and coached that sport while acquiring an electrical engineering degree at the University of Belgrade. The 36-year-old was also accomplished in the business world. Prior to immigrating to Canada in 1994, he worked his way up to senior software developer for a major Yugoslav company that had projects with that country's post office and banks. He met Tanja in 1989 when they were vacationing separately at their families' summer homes in Montenegro. During the couple's three-year courtship and afterward, they shared a love of travel, exploring Europe and as far away as Thailand.



The perfect gentleman

On Sept. 11, Tomasevic was attending a conference on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower, his first visit to the Big Apple. Last week, Tanja travelled to New York, also for the first time, to retrace her husband's final footsteps. "I want to take my time and see the places he might have seen in those last couple of days," she said before leaving. "His spirit is waiting there for me. He was my best friend and a part of him will always be with me." ■



MIKE PELLETIER

Sophie Pelletier first met her husband, Mike, five years ago in a quintessentially New York City setting—a party of 500 on a Manhattan rooftop. A mutual friend wanted to introduce the two francophones. Born in Winnipeg and raised in Quebec and Ontario, Mike had moved to New York the previous year. Sophie, who was 12 when her family had emigrated from France to California, also arrived in New York in 1995.

Their friend's hunch paid off. Three weeks later, the two had their first date, a small barbecue dinner at Mike's apartment. After that, says Sophie, 30, "we saw each other almost every night." In 1998, they took their marriage vows in a glass chapel on a Los Angeles cliff overlooking the ocean. "Mike lived life to its fullest," she says. "He loved to make people laugh." What "made me fall in love with him," she adds, "is that although Mike had accomplished so much, he was really modest."

Those accomplishments included working as a Grenadier Guard in Ottawa as a teenager, winning a Vilas Scholarship to study economics at St. Lawrence University in Canton, N.Y., and playing hockey—both in the NCAA finals for St. Lawrence, and for a year in a professional league overseas in London. They also included being a loving father to two-year-old Sydney and Nicolas, who was three months old when Pelletier, 36, died.

Pelletier was the second of four children born to Marcel and Lillian. The youngest two have a long tradition of singing and writing songs together and Pelletier was always keen to join in their creative efforts. But, says his sister, Kristina, 26, a schoolteacher in Hong Kong, "he really didn't have the genes." That didn't stop him from donning a dress and hamming it up with his two brothers and sister for the video camera this past summer when they reunited in Vancouver. The occasion: Lillian's 60th birthday celebration. "Mom's glasses were all steamy with laughing and crying," says Kristina.

On Sept. 11, Sophie was in the YWCA preschool parking lot not far from the Pelletiers' house in Greenwich, Conn., when she got a call from Mike on her cellphone. "I thought he was calling to wish Sydney a happy first day of school," she says. "That's the kind of dad he was. We talked 20 times a day." But from the 105th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower, where he worked as a commodities broker for bond-trader Cantor Fitzgerald, he told her: "Soph, a plane just went through the building. Listen, I love you. I don't know if we can get out." Distressed, they ended the conversation so she could call 911. She tried to reconnect with her husband for the rest of the morning.

Because he was such a "strong and resourceful person," she believes, "if there was any way out of the building, he would have found it." Of their last conversation, Sophie says, "I feel very fortunate. God, I would have given anything to have spoken to him longer." ■



With Sophie and two-year-old Sydney



Robson (in jacket) with family

DONALD ROBSON

"Once a Sword, always a Sword." That's the motto of the Wilkinson Swords, the Toronto recreational hockey team Donald Robson helped found in 1969. And Robson, says childhood pal Bob Kilgour, took those words to heart: "He never forgot his friends."

Kilgour, who roomed with Robson at St. Andrew's College, a private school in Aurora, Ont., also emphasizes his friend's deep and abiding love for his wife, Kathy, and two sons, Geoff, 22, and Scott, 17. In a text distributed at his memorial service in Toronto last month, Kathy writes of feeling blessed to have been loved by him. "You will always be with me—your spirit is my spirit."

After early successes in Toronto's brokerage industry, Robson spent the last 18 of his 52 years in the United States. A senior vice-president with Cantor Fitzgerald, he was on the 103rd floor of the World Trade Center's north tower on Sept. 11. That was the same location from which, following the 1993 terrorist bombing, he'd spent four frightening hours escaping.

Robson regularly reconnected with his roots by, among other things, celebrating Canadian Thanksgiving with his American friends at his Long Island home and tracking the ups and downs of the Toronto Blue Jays. "Donny had a spark for life," says Kilgour, who delivered the eulogy to the more than 300 people gathered for Robson's memorial service. "When you mentioned the twinkle in his eyes, everybody knew what you were talking about." ■

GARNET BAILEY

In the beginning, Garnet Bailey earned the nickname "Ace" on the ice as a high-scoring 18-year-old winger on the vaunted Edmonton Oil Kings junior hockey team in 1966. And he had style. Mike Barnett, now the general manager of the Phoenix Coyotes, remembers going with friends on his bantam team to see the Oil Kings play in Calgary against the Buffaloes. At first, Barnett says, they thought Bailey was a showboat for wearing a white turtleneck under his jersey—it was a pretty brazen fashion statement at the time. But Bailey scored three or four goals that night—Barnett can't recall exactly—so for their own team's next game, he and his pals were all wearing white turtlenecks. "He was a charismatic guy," Barnett says, "and he backed it up with character."

Drafted by the Boston Bruins, a team that boasted future hall-of-famers Bobby Orr, Phil Esposito and Johnny Bucyk, Bailey was reduced ro a tole player. He didn't mind. As an enthusiastic grinder, the Lloydminster, Sask., native helped Boston win the Stanley Cup in 1972, and later played for Detroit, St. Louis, Washington and finally the World Hockey Association's Edmonton Oilers, taking passes from a rookie named Wayne Gretzky. Bailey became his centreman's unofficial minder, steering on ice goons and off-ice hucksters away from the soon-to-be Great One. The two remained friends during Bailey's 20-year scouting career, the last seven for the Los Angeles Kings. Gretzky, a nervous flyer at the best of times, was distraught when he heard Bailey was on the plane that struck the World Trade Center's south tower. "I'm going to imagine Ace up out of his seat fighting those guys," Gretzky said immediately after the disaster. "I'm going to imagine Ace fighting to the end."

It wasn't just Gretzky who loved him. Bailey was a friend to so many, the life of the party, the guy who'd put on the apron, get the barbecue going and turn a casual dinner into an event. No surprise hundreds of well-wishers have called or written to offer support and consolation to Bailey's wife, Kathy, and son, Todd, 22, at their home in Lynwood, Mass. Actor-comedian Denis Leary, a close pal, honoured Bailey at a fund-raising hockey game featuring Hollywood celebrities and former Bruins in Worcester, Mass., last month. "He was probably the last of the true characters in out game," says New York Rangers general manager Glen Sather, a teammate on the Bruins. Bailey was always positive and upbeat, Sather recalls, and "anyone who met him, even for a few minutes, left a better person." No wonder they called him Ace. ■



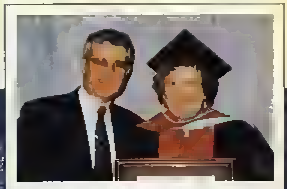
Playing for the Washington Capitals

CHRISTINE EGAN

Christine Egan always gave freely of herself and her talents. In a eulogy earlier this month, her friend Marilyn Laurin said Egan "loved the North," where she'd been a nurse in many communities, including Coral Harbour, Nunavut. The people there, Laurin added, "greeted her with open arms and accepted her as their trusted friend." The same goes for people in Winnipeg, where she taught part time at the University of Manitoba—the same institution from which she earned a PhD in community health sciences in 1999.

Egan and her two siblings, Michael and Denise, were raised in Hull, England, in the 1960s, she immigrated to London, Ont., "with five pounds in her pocket and the prospect of work in nursing," Laurin said. Egan, 55, was in New York visiting Michael, his wife and two sons in early September. On the 11th, she'd accompanied Michael to his Aon Corp. office on the 105th floor of the World Trade Center's south tower. Neither survived the attacks.

Egan spent much of her career helping sufferers from tuberculosis. Last April, she was appointed epidemiologist and tuberculosis co-ordinator at the First Nations and Inuit Health Branch. Her dedication to her work—"evenings or a day at the beach," recalled Laurin, saw "Chris immersed in additional reading and planning on tuberculosis control"—was matched by a delight in life itself. "She loved to go out on the land, jig for fish and often joined in local groups to sew and do crafts," said Laurin of Egan's days in the North. Kristopher, Laurin's 14-year-old son, summed up the feelings of many in his short eulogy to his godmother. "Like everyone," he said, "I will miss having Chris by my side." ■



With Michael, receiving her PhD

RALPH GERHARDT

Standing in front of 1,200 people who gathered at Toronto's St. Paul's Basilica last week, Hans Gerhardt spoke passionately of his 34-year-old son Ralph's love for life. "Sometimes, he scared the heck out of his mother—and even out of me," Gerhardt remembered. "His bungee jumping; his white-water rafting trips, his cliff diving; showing me pictures of my 'airborne' ski boat and how it can 'fly.' And his latest venture, getting his 'shark feeder' licence."

After graduating with a degree in economics from the University of Western Ontario in London in 1990, Ralph accepted a job with Burns Fry in Toronto. In 1997, he moved to Cantor Fitzgerald, and three years later, by then a Cantor vice-president, transferred to the company's New York office. "Ralph was in a place he loved. He loved his friends, his apartment, his neighbours and his [Lower East Side] neighbourhood," said Hans Gerhardt to the friends, family and strangers who gathered to celebrate the life of the young executive.

Ralph's American girlfriend, Linda Luzzicone, was also a bond dealer on the same 105th floor of the north tower. She, too, died in the attack.

At the memorial, the eldest Gerhardt recalled his son's Toronto childhood. "As a small child, he made it difficult for us to discipline him," he said. "Instead of staying in bed, he would sit atop the staircase and send down paper planes with messages written on them—how much he loves us. And how he misses us." ■

MIKE ARCZYNSKI

Eight-year-old Max Arczynski isn't ready yet to say goodbye to his father, Mike. "Max still likes to think his dad is helping people at the World Trade Center," says Lori, his widow. "I've tried to explain that there's nothing in the world that would keep his dad away from him except something like this, but Max isn't ready to understand that." Since the attack, the Grade 2 student has spent his free time shooting baskets on his family driveway and practising some of the other sports he and his dad played together.

Arczynski, 45, a sports enthusiast and outdoorsman, loved to ski on the slopes near Vancouver where he grew up, but also had a special place in his heart for Vermont—where he and his wife travelled regularly after they started dating in 1989. That was a year after they met, when Lori worked with him as a summer student at Aon Corp.'s Montreal office. Married in August, 1990, they spent nine years overseas in London, but still returned to Vermont, where Lori's family has a home, at least twice a year. Along the way, the couple had three children—Max, 10 year-old Sydney and Emma, 2. Arczynski also had three daughters from a first marriage. "My family has always been scattered around Canada and the U.S. and then even in England, so Vermont was a place we could meet and be together," says Jessica, 23, the eldest, a McGill University student.

Mike and Lori returned to North America a year ago when Aon transferred the senior vice-president to its Manhattan office. They were delighted that their New Jersey home was only a five-hour drive from Vermont. Next spring, Lori intends to plant a tree there as a memorial to her husband. "There's nothing left of him," says Lori, who's expecting the couple's fourth child in February. "So the tree will be somewhere for us to go and be with him." ■

DAVID BARKWAY

David Barkway's desk on the open trading floor at BMO Nesbitt Burns in downtown Toronto looks just the way he left it on Friday, Sept. 7, before he headed off to New York. Photos of his wife, Cindy, his two-year-old son, Jamie, and a copy of his itinerary sit amid a pile of memos and reports—reminders of a respected, fun-loving colleague. Barkway's warmth stood out on Bay Street. "There are a lot of egos in this business," says Byron Bianco, recalling the buddy who liked to chat and joke. "It didn't matter if you were the CEO or the cleaning lady, David made everyone feel important." Vince Muttay, another friend and a vice-president at the firm, says the mourning continues. "We miss him. We miss him badly."

A week into his new job as managing director of capital markets, Barkway had business to attend to at the World Trade Center. The big man with the little boy grin looked forward to the buzz of Manhattan. "He would get really excited about things," says Cindy, who is expecting their second child in January. "He worked hard, he took it seriously." The couple flew to New York on Sunday, the day after they celebrated his birthday on Sept. 8. "He kept saying, 'I'm 34, I'm so old now,'" recalls Cindy. "Then this happened. You know, 34 isn't so old."

Adopted at six months, Barkway was born in Ottawa and grew up in tiny Martintown, near Cornwall, Ont. He never had any interest in seeking his biological parents, telling a sometimes curious Cindy that Peter Barkway, a minister, and his wife, Mary, a schoolteacher—the couple who raised him and his adopted brother—were "unquestionably my mom and dad." In high school, he worked as a lifeguard and did a stint as a DJ. He worked part time at a bank while attending Carleton University in Ottawa, where he met Cindy. "He was your all-Canadian guy, the kind you immediately flock to," says Anthony Ferran, a friend since university.

In 1992, after graduating with a BA in economics and law, Barkway moved to Toronto to work full time with Canada Trust. "He was so successful at work," says Randy Reid, a former colleague and best man at his 1997 wedding, "but work would be the last thing he would talk about in his spare time." Barkway had outside passions, too. "He wanted to golf all the time," says Cindy. "After my brother invited him to play his first game five years ago, he caught the fever." A big fan of the Tragically Hip, he liked fast boats and an occasional cigar. But it was Barkway's enthusiasm for life and his willingness to share it that people admired. "I consider myself a close friend," says Reid, "and I am sure there are another 100 guys out there who do as well."

His biggest passion, friends say, was his family. "For such a young man, he had his priorities straight," says Ferran. "I think the saddest thing for all of us is how much he enjoyed being a father. For Jamie, he would have been the dad every kid dreams of having." Last February, he and Cindy moved into an ivy-covered house in a prosperous Toronto suburb. Most nights, around 6:30 p.m., he'd stride past the picket fence, up the flagstone path that curved through the small English-style garden, and when he opened the red front door, little Jamie, blond like his mother, would come running down the hall and reach out for Daddy. "He loved being with Jamie," says Cindy. "We were still getting settled in. We were having fun just going through life." ■



A young executive 'in a place he loved'

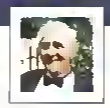


His son thinks Mike is still helping people



'The dad every kid dreams of having'

ALEXANDER FILIPOV



The joy in Alexander Filipov's life came from his church, his family and from tinkering with electronic equipment. Born in Regina on April 11, 1931, Filipov moved with his family to Windsor, Ont., when he was 9. As a teenager, he reassembled old radios, a hobby that led to a degree in electrical engineering at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont. In 1957, he met his future wife, Loretta, an American, during a business trip to New Jersey. Two years later, he landed a position as an electrical engineer near Concord, Mass.

Filipov worked as an engineer for several Boston-area companies. Even after retiring, he consulted, and, on Sept. 11, was heading to Los Angeles on business aboard American Airlines Flight 11. For more than four decades, Filipov was an active member of the Trinitarian Congregational Church in Concord, serving terms as deacon and moderator. He and Loretta had three sons, Allan, David and Jeffrey. "I want people to remember him for the things he brought to life," says Loretta, "not the way he died." ■

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COLIN McARTHUR

It's fitting that Colin McArthur's memorial service will take place next month at a New Jersey golf course. He loved the sport, even though his wife, Brenda, says, "He wasn't any good at it. He always scored more than 100, but that didn't stop him." Nor did it deter friends and business colleagues with lower golf handicaps from putting McArthur on their A-list of people to play with. "He was the life of the party," says Brenda. "He had a sense of humour that everyone was attracted to. He should have been an entertainer."



McArthur, 52, a deputy managing director for Aon Corp. in its World Trade Center office, entered the business world in Glasgow where he was born and raised. But insurance wasn't his first career. He studied geology at the University of Glasgow and, after graduating, worked as a schoolteacher until teaching requirements became stricter. Unable to afford a year off work to be certified at teachers college, McArthur took an insurance job instead. In 1977, he requested a transfer to the company's Toronto branch, Reed Shaw Stenhouse Ltd., where he met Brenda, also an insurance broker. "He was fascinated by Canada," says Brenda. "So many things were new to him—McDonald's, baseball and hockey. He loved the Leafs. It didn't matter where we lived, he always followed the team."

They married a year later and in 1986 moved to Montreal, where McArthur, by then a Canadian citizen, went to work for Aon. His wife joined the firm in 1987. McArthur, who spoke French fluently, moved steadily up the corporate ladder. Three years ago, the company sent the couple to work in New York. On both sides of the border, "he is missed by so many people," says Brenda, who retired last year. "You never quite realize until a thing like this happens how much a person is loved." ■

Stories by James Deacon, Sharon Doyle Driedger, Sue Ferguson, John Intini and Susan McClelland



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A tearful goodbye; anti-American protesters in Pakistan (opposite)

SAILING OFF TO WAR

Canadian forces left Halifax even as U.S. soldiers began ground operations

BY JOHN DEMONT in Halifax

The navy brass kept the city hanging for days. Given the fear of a terrorist attack, would they run the risk of holding a full-scale send-off for the flotilla leaving Halifax to support the U.S.-led war effort? In the end, proud of mustering the third-largest commitment to the anti-terrorism coalition, the military leadership pulled out the stops. They weren't disappointed—a slate-grey sky added to the solemnity of the occasion as three ships carrying 800 military personnel slipped out of the harbour last week to join the frigate HMCS Halifax, already en route to the Arabian Sea. (HMCS Vancouver will sail from Esquimalt before the end of the month.) As Canada's largest naval base, Halifax has seen the ritual many times before: teary family members at dockside, a brass band belting out the rousing naval anthem *Heart of Oak*, thousands of flag-waving well-wishers lining the waterfront as Canadian personnel headed off to a far-away war. Just as timeless was the pride stirred by last week's scene.

But, as always, there was also anxiety. Gen. Raymond Henault, Canada's chief of defence staff, offered words of comfort to the families of the departing sailors at last week's goodbye. "I can't promise that they won't face any danger," he said, "but we've given them the best training and the best tools available to accomplish their task." What that task was, however, remained unclear to many. Beyond a vague promise to provide support for the front-line U.S. and British forces, Canada's mission remained publicly undefined—even as Canadian personnel headed into an increasingly volatile zone.

Last week, as U.S. and British planes pounded targets and about 100 U.S. commandos spent several hours on the ground in Afghanistan in what U.S. officials called a "significant new phase" of the conflict, the region seemed ready to explode. Strife continued in Pakistan, where militant Muslims oppose President Pervez Musharraf's support for the U.S. attacks. Some offered to send fighters to help Afghanistan's Taliban regime battle American ground troops. U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell was unable to ease renewed tensions between Pakistan and India over the disputed territory of Kashmir. And at the same time, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict intensified with the assassination of ultranationalist Israeli Tourism Minister Rehavam Zeevi.

In the United States, uncertainty also ruled. While authorities continued their investigation into the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks, they confronted another threat: bioterrorism through the United States Postal Service. By week's end, eight Americans had been diagnosed with anthrax—with one death on Oct. 5—while more than 40 others had tested positive for exposure to the spores. Media outlets and politicians were the targets—in the case of Senate majority leader Tom Daschle's office in Washington, more than two dozen people were exposed to the bacteria. Officials also confirmed anthrax had been found in New York Gov. George Pataki's Manhattan office one day before a visit there by Ontario Premier Mike Harris. (The premier and his entourage were not tested, experts determining that his risk of exposure had been negligible.) Investigators did not rule out a possible link to Osama bin Laden's terrorist network, although they were also pursuing the possibility that extremist elements in the United States were responsible for some of the incidents.

The fear spread as anthrax turned up in mail from the U.S., in Kenya and Argentina. Ottawa was taking no chances. In order to stockpile medication, Health Canada overrode the patent on ciprofloxacin, or Cipro, one of the antibiotics used to treat anthrax, asking Toronto-based Apotex Inc. to produce a generic version of the drug. Germany's Bayer AG, which has a Canadian patent on Cipro until 2004, reacted angrily, saying it was seeking talks with the government and could meet the demand on its own. (U.S. authorities said they also have the right to override Bayer's patent, although such a move was not under consideration. Instead, Washington took steps to increase the production of other antibiotics effective against anthrax.)



Ottawa also moved to increase security on the home front. Last week, Justice Minister Anne McLellan tabled a sweeping package designed to make it easier to stop terrorists from raising money or planning violence in Canada. Some of the measures raised troubling questions about civil liberties. Individuals believed to have information about a terrorist crime could be arrested and forced to testify before a judge at an "investigative hearing"—without any charges being laid. But McLellan, alluding to the hijacked plane attacks of Sept. 11, said police had to be able to move quickly to stop any terrorist conspiracy as it unfolded. "The investigative hearing can be an important tool," she told a House of Commons committee, "in terms of breaking up early, and detecting early, possible terrorist activities and threats, so that they don't get on the plane—because if they are on the plane, it's too late."

McLellan stressed that legitimate protest—from civil disobedience to wildcat walkouts by unions—would not be defined as terrorism. "Even an illegal strike does not call into question national security or public safety," she said. "We always must return to the focus of terror—that is what we're dealing with." That was also why Canadian sailors went to war. And why worried families lined the Halifax docks, watching their loved ones leave.

With John Geddes in Ottawa

Do you fear a biological attack where you live?
www.macleans.ca

ANTHRAX FACTS AND FIGURES

- Anthrax is an animal disease that rarely spreads to humans and is not contagious from person to person.
- Humans can contract anthrax in three ways: from eating tainted meat (extremely rare), through skin contact with infected animals or animal products (about 95 per cent of cases worldwide, mostly in the developing world), from breathing in thousands of spores of the bacteria.
- The cutaneous (skin) version is the least dangerous. Left untreated, 10 to 20 per cent of patients would die.
- Most inhaled spores lodge in the nasal membrane, but in rare cases minute spores travel directly to the lungs, where they pose a greater risk. Left untreated, all patients with pulmonary anthrax would die.
- Exposure to airborne anthrax in almost all cases does not mean anthrax infection, which would require inhalation of as many as 8,000 spores.
- Of roughly 50 confirmed cases of anthrax exposure in the U.S. since Oct. 4, eight people are known to have developed the disease, and one case was fatal.
- Fearful of the spread of antibiotic-resistant bacteria, medical authorities caution against taking the drugs in the absence of a clear threat as determined by a physician. Cipro (ciprofloxacin) has specific approval as a treatment for the most lethal inhaled form of anthrax. But antibiotics in the penicillin and tetracycline family are also effective against all forms of the disease. All the medications are most effective if taken before symptoms occur.



A false alarm in Hamilton

THE SOUNDS OF SILENCE

The House of Representatives closes down amid the bioterrorism scare

BY DAVID M. SHRIBMAN in Washington

On an ordinary day, the House of Representatives is the most raucous place in Washington, full of aides rushing about purposefully and lawmakers talking—sometimes with no apparent purpose at all. But late last week, the chamber was silent and empty. The House had gone home. It was a quiet end to a disquieting week that began with terror spread by an innocuous-looking letter with the return address of a non-existent Grade 4 class in New Jersey. Suddenly the new danger in this new war, where the front lines are the home front, was anthrax, not airliners, and the perpetrators—perhaps the same group responsible for the Sept. 11 hijackings—had displayed an unerring ability to find targets at the very heart of American power.

So much so that by midweek, the House leadership decided to put off its consideration of an urgent aviation security bill and an economic stimulus package, and to shutter the chamber completely until Tuesday morning. Just a few steps away, the Senate, where about three dozen cases of anthrax exposure had been found, decided to press on amid brave statements about business as usual.



Kenneth Lambert/AP

No business as usual in the U.S. capital

In truth, there is almost no business as usual on Capitol Hill—or around the American capital. Representative Edward J. Markey, a Massachusetts Democrat, was on the telephone at midweek when a man wearing bright yellow gloves entered his office. Markey was alarmed—but the man was only there to empty the trash. The mailrooms at ABC News' bureau and *The Washington Post* were on high alert, and hazardous-materials squads were summoned when suspicious packages were found. Bureaucrats and military attachés at the Pentagon entered the building off the massive south parking lot the other morning while soldiers with loaded automatic weapons stood at the ready. "This is the arrival of the great fear," said Bruce B. Freed, a veteran public-affairs consultant in Washington. "For years, people walked around Washington feeling safe, feeling that security was an irritant. Now it's indispensable."

The lawmakers who shut down the House knew it was a powerfully symbolic act—the disruption of democratic institutions under wartime strains. Though the Capitol has always been a tempting target—there were bombings in 1915, 1971 and 1983, and shootings in 1954 and 1998—never before had one of the legislative chambers closed for a prolonged period in the face of an attack. (Congress was safely out of session when, during the War of 1812, British forces, who were retaliating after American soldiers torched Upper Canada's parliament building in York, invaded Washington and left the Capitol in ruins, it reconvened later in an old hotel.)

For nearly a decade, the Republican and Democratic leaderships in the House had been so antagonistic that they would not speak to each other for years on end. But last week, explaining their decision to have the House go dark, they appeared together and spoke with one voice, though slightly sheepishly. "We thought it was a prudent step to make sure that these buildings and this campus is free of spores so we can go back and continue and do the work of the American people," said Speaker Dennis Hastert of Illinois. Minority Leader Richard Gephardt of Missouri, his Democratic rival, said: "This is the new world we're in."

The new order already has prompted huge transformations in the political world. Since the earliest days of American democracy, the voice of the people has been expressed through the post. Prior to the American Revolution in 1775, patriots used the mail to spread their message of dissent across the 13 colonies and increase support for their cause. Congressman Abraham Lincoln lingered for hours over his mail in the late 1840s. Even in these days of telephone and computer links, congressmen and senators reflexively use their mail—scores of bundles arriving every day from every corner of America—to measure their constituents' priorities, preferences and perspectives.

But the mail brought anthrax to Capitol Hill, and a time-honoured rite of passage for ambitious young politicos—opening letters at their congressman's office, once the task of a young Lyndon Johnson in the early 1930s—suddenly became a hazardous undertaking. Moments before departing Travis Air Force Base in California for economic meetings in China, George W. Bush vowed: "This great nation will not be intimidated by the evildoers." But on Capitol Hill, where the strains of the terror war were impossible to miss, hundreds of aides were lining up for anthrax swabs, lawmakers' telephones were call-forwarded to home ridings, and the silence from the House floor was deafening.

David M. Shribman is the Pulitzer Prize-winning Washington bureau chief of The Boston Globe

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Auto manufacturers are making great strides in developing environment-friendly technologies. Drivers can also contribute to the clean air cause with good driving habits. "Green" means much more than "go."



Clean Air Driving Part 1

Car manufacturers have been producing more fuel-efficient cars over the past decade than ever before. The new vehicles and exciting new technologies being implemented have greatly helped reduce fuel emissions. This is good news for the environment and everyone who breathes. But it's not just up to the manufacturers to help with these efforts. You can also pitch in with more environment-friendly driving habits.

Vehicles are now about 95 per cent cleaner and two-and-a-half times more fuel efficient than those of the 1960s, according to manufacturers' reports. Studies also show that emissions of major pollutants are significantly down from the 1970s. Even so, global warming still poses a serious threat, and smog advisories are being announced more frequently, and in some cases, earlier every year.

Natural Resources Canada says the average car produces three to four times its weight in carbon dioxide each year. This major greenhouse gas affects climate change. About 12 per cent of Canada's carbon dioxide output is from the millions of cars and light-duty vehicles on the road today.





"Natural Resources Canada says the average car produces three to four times its weight in carbon dioxide each year."

"Honey, will you pop the trunk? I want to check the oil."



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Car companies deliver

Manufacturers are experimenting with the production of hybrid cars to aid in environmental challenges These are vehicles that are a combination of electric and gasoline engine technologies, or only rely on battery power

Honda's Insight vehicle is a two-seater car that was launched in December, 1999, and is one of the first gasoline-electric hybrid vehicles available in the United States. The Insight is powered primarily by a one-litre, three-cylinder gas engine This is combined with an electric motor that contributes power when needed A Honda Civic travels about 62 miles (100 km) on 2 gallons (9 litres), while the Insight uses roughly three litres to travel the same distance The car can reach speeds of 87 mph (140 kpm) Toyota's 2001 Prius has also made an impact on the environmentally-friendly auto scene It is said to be the world's first, mass-produced, gasoline-electric hybrid automobile

The Prius has been certified as an Ultra Low Emission Vehicle (ULEV) and a Super Ultra Low Emission Vehicle (SULEV) by two US environmental boards. The Prius was originally designed for Japan's congested stop-and-go city streets but Toyota made appropriate changes to the car to make it durable enough for winter climates

The Prius reaches 99 mph (160 kph) and an average 621 miles (1,000 km) to a 12-gallon (45-litre) tank of gas – twice the efficiency of most gasoline cars its size

Pollutants are only a fraction compared to those from other vehicles

Nissan also introduced a SULEV last year that eliminates all evaporative emissions Nissan claims the SULEV version of its Sentra CA sedan (currently available in California) releases less pollution during a 20-mile (32-km) drive than a typical new car parked all day with the engine turned off

Major car manufacturers say they will be ready to produce fuel cell vehicles in about another four years A fuel cell is a type of battery But, unlike a battery, a cell creates energy in the form of electricity and heat.

When hydrogen is used as fuel, water is the sole product of the reaction Therefore this kind of vehicle is known as a zero-emissions vehicle. DaimlerChrysler intends to be the first to produce such a vehicle but has not yet given a date for its launch

Last June, General Motors (GM) announced a 25-year collaboration with General Hydrogen to hasten the introduction of fuel cell vehicles into the North American car market.

GM also announced a partnership with Quantum Technologies for the development of hydrogen storage devices that could make fuel cell cars competitive with gasoline cars

Both GM and Toyota are in the process of developing fuel cell vehicles that can make use of clean hydrocarbon fuel in both fuel cells and in the existing engine structure of gasoline cars



"Major car manufacturers say they will be ready to produce fuel cell vehicles in about another four years"



NEW YORK STATE OF MIND

The city's psychology is changing as it comes to grips with terror in its midst

BY THALIA ASSURAS in New York City

This morning, I walked through the Lincoln Center Plaza and the tears flowed once again. It is a beautiful place—the majesty of the five-storey high glass facade of the Metropolitan Opera House, the central circular fountain that refreshes the senses with a gentle mist, the surrounding buildings that form a cocoon-like refuge where a young mother and her son are playing tag. But these days, our freedom to enter this haven of culture is restricted by massive concrete barriers and police guards

This is what it's like now in New York. Our lives have become circumscribed by the aftereffects and continuing threats of terror. Asked to participate in a CTV *Canada AM* panel discussion on the media and how it's handling the continuing Sept. 11 story, I go to the Reuters television studios at Times Square. I'm asked for my identification. My purse is searched. Several streets in the city, primarily around the World Trade Center site, remain empty, barricaded to vehicles, guarded by police or National Guard troops dressed in their camouflage fatigues. Access is curtailed. Our freedom is limited.



Assuras wonders if it's really necessary to go out

Don't get me wrong. New York City is getting back to normal. People are going out to restaurants, movies and Broadway shows. Visitors are riding in Central Park's famous horse-drawn carriages. Traffic jams are as frustrating as ever. But those restaurants aren't full—at least 30 have closed their doors permanently, a direct result of the terrorist attacks; 40 more are at risk. Taxi drivers tell me some of their colleagues aren't even bothering to work some days because they just can't make enough to pay the cab's daily expenses. The city has lost an estimated 100,000 jobs in the wake of Sept. 11.

Then there is the anthrax scare. I despise that label that we, the media, have put on this story. Yet, there *is* a threat: several cases here in New York, while at least 28 people in Senator Tom Daschle's Washington office have tested positive for exposure. Colleagues at rival network ABC are devastated that a seven-month-old boy contracted the cutaneous form of anthrax after visiting their headquarters for a birthday party. How many of us take our children, especially new babies, to our place of work where our friends ooh and aah over the little one? An everyday moment of joy is now to be regarded as frightening?

One doctor says that, since I'm a journalist, I should at least wear gloves when opening my mail. Another suggests giving me an antibiotic prescription, just so I can have the drug on hand in case there are so many incidents there isn't enough available. The United States Postal Service, the attorney general, the FBI, all are giving the public details on how to scrutinize mail, what to look for that would indicate the presence of a terrorist spore.

As I leave my dentist's office (that part was really easy—no needle, no drill, whew!) a security guard directs me down the block—the other direction is sealed off because of a bomb scare. Down one block, up another—police officers shouting to people to move back, move away. In the distance, fire and police vehicles block traffic. And then, bang—something is blown up. Within minutes, traffic and pedestrians move again. How many more suspicious packages will New Yorkers have to fear? How is it that daily errands, simple appointments might require second thought? Is it really necessary to go out?

Once upon a time, we in the media reported stories about threats "over there"—terrorism in the Middle East, Europe, Latin America. The International Women's Media Foundation, of which I am a member, just last week held its 12th Annual Courage in Journalism Awards reception in New York. Among the honourees, Carmen Gurruchaga, a political reporter for the Madrid daily *El Mundo*, who covers the Basque separatist group ETA. She has been threatened and worse—when her home in Basque country was bombed in December, 1997, she moved to Madrid, where she is under the protection of bodyguards. From Colombia, there was Jineth Bedoya Lima, 27, a reporter for Bogota's *El Espectador* who covers the conflict between the government and paramilitary groups. In May, 2000, Lima was kidnapped, tortured and repeatedly raped by unidentified assailants and dumped by the side of a road. She went back to work two weeks later.

Now the terror is here. The World Trade Center is gone. Journalists are under threat. The Pentagon is scarred. So are the hearts of Americans.

The tears come, often. It isn't out of fear. It isn't out of anxiety, though there is that. There is anger too, outrage that innocent people can be the targets of hatred. But it is primarily sadness: for the victims lost and their families. And for the loss of our freedom, naiveté and innocence.

Thalia Assuras, a former anchor of CTV's Canada AM, *is currently a CBS News anchor in New York City.*

SHIFTING ON THE FLY

The U.S. decides to support the Northern Alliance

BY ARTHUR KENT in Afghanistan



It's far from home, the battlefield is huge and challenging, and the enemy, Al-Qaeda, is frustratingly hard to target. But much more than the forbidding military aspects of the American assault on Afghanistan, the political atmosphere swirling around the campaign is arguably the most turbulent ever encountered by U.S. war planners. Somehow they have to plot a course through the storm of Afghanistan, while a tempest brews between Pakistan and India over Kashmir, and all of this on the jagged edges of the maelstrom of Israel and the Middle East. As they dispatch aircraft to nearly a dozen Afghan cities and fighting fronts, and deploy special forces on the ground in the desert southwest of the country, American generals have to watch their backs: at any moment, they might be drawn into other, potentially more lethal, conflicts.

So it's not surprising, after two weeks of bombing the Taliban and Al-Qaeda, that the Bush administration and the Pentagon appear to be, at best, improvising on the move, at worst, making things up as they go along. Witness Defence Secretary Donald Rumsfeld. He and his team were loath at the outset to cast the U.S. as the air force of the anti-Taliban Northern Alliance. To the extent that the Alliance's objectives overlapped with those of the United States, defence department officials said, the two were co-operating. Nothing more.

But by Day 12 of the campaign, the daunting prospects of a drawn-out war in such an unstable global climate had caused the Americans to think again. Of the forces fighting the Taliban on the ground, Rumsfeld said: "They're going to have some help with food, they're going to have some help with ammunition, they're going to have some help with air support."

The first opportunity to deliver on that promise is the battle for the city of Mazar-i-Sharif. By Oct. 16, three small Northern Alliance armies, the strongest led by Gen. Ahmed Rashid Dostum, had fought their way to the perimeter of the northern city's airport—a crucial asset to the deployment, in the coming weeks, of U.S. and coalition aircraft and ground troops. When Taliban forces counterattacked, U.S. warplanes pitched into the battle as never before. Military officials of the Northern Alliance, speaking to *Maclean's* off the record, indicated that American advisers and forward air controllers—in effect, target directors who help sharpen the aim of pilots flying overhead—have been present on the Mazar front for nearly two weeks.

North of Kabul, too, American jets pounded the Taliban's forward positions on the Shomali plain. Northern Alliance forces, poised on the higher reaches of this bleak and windy battlefield, are itching for the order to advance beyond Bagram airport, much of which they already control, towards the capital, some 40 km to the south.



Gunner Nawroz Gul in his T-55 tank

Arthur Kent for Maclean's

The Americans' rethink about aiding the Northern Alliance was prompted by a variety of factors. Credible reports of mounting civilian casualties from U.S. air strikes on Kabul, Jalalabad and other cities began to cast a pall over the entire endeavour. The righteous avengers of the Sept. 11 attacks in America were beginning to resemble pitiless aggressors. Perhaps the worst foul-up was the bombing of a warehouse belonging to the International Committee of the Red Cross.

The warehouse, not far from Kabul's airport, was one of the best-known facilities of the Red Cross: almost any journalist or aid worker who has spent more than a couple of weeks in the Afghan capital in the past decade has been there, photographing or assisting in the distribution of food to the city's destitute population. That the U.S. military could have made such a gross error, irrespective of the Pentagon's assertion that Taliban military vehicles were parked around the structure, illustrates the lack of basic information, not to mention tactical discretion, that the Americans have used in conducting some attacks. Could the taking out of a few trucks and troop carriers warrant the burning of a winter's supply of food and clothing? Not in the minds of those trying to preserve human life in this tortured country.

The international aid community has demanded a respite from the air campaign so that food and clothing can be delivered before winter snows close Afghanistan's feeble road network. More than a half-million people, they claim, will die of starvation or exposure if the West's anti-terror agenda continues to take precedence over the rescue of Afghan families.

As if these imperatives weren't enough to convince the Bush administration to accelerate its campaign, the armies of India and Pakistan went to heightened alert over Kashmir, once again throwing up the prospect of war between two of the world's less stable nuclear powers. And the assassination of Israel's tourism minister presaged an upsurge of violence in the Middle East. Suddenly, the need for a swift result in Afghanistan became a higher priority.

At the same time, the Bush administration was feeling better about the Northern Alliance, which represents predominantly ethnic Tajik, Uzbek and Hazara people. Much of the credit goes to the recent smooth performance of the movement's foreign minister, Abdullah Abdullah. Speaking for President Burhanuddin Rabbani, still recognized by the UN as Afghanistan's head of government, Abdullah promised that Northern Alliance forces would not make a headlong dash for Kabul, or try to dominate a government that would succeed the Taliban. Both publicly and in secret talks with U.S. officials, he stressed the Alliance's willingness to negotiate a peaceful end to the war.

That's exactly what the Bush administration wants to hear. Up to now, its focus in assembling some kind of post-Taliban council or government has been refracted through Pakistan's attempts to salvage its own position in its northern neighbour's affairs. Grateful, perhaps excessively so, for Pakistani President Pervez Musharraf's permission to use his country's airspace and limited facilities on the ground, the Bush administration accepted the help of Pakistan's military intelligence service, the ISI, in recruiting key Afghan commanders from the southern Pashtun regions.

Considering that the ISI was very much a stepfather to the Taliban movement, most Afghans, particularly those opposed to the extremist regime, object to Pakistan's continuing interference. But with Dr. Zalmay Khalilzad, senior assistant to U.S. National Security Adviser Condoleezza Rice, also advocating the Pakistani-Pashtun approach, the ISI has opened a new chapter of co-ordination with an old American ally. *Maclean's* has learned that the CIA, through its station at the American Embassy in Islamabad, is conducting negotiations, using the ISI as intermediaries, with at least two influential Pashtun militia commanders who are seen as ripe for defection from their current allegiance to the Taliban.

Sources at the state department in Washington indicate that defectors such as these, augmented by Pashtun veterans of the U.S.-backed mujahedeen resistance to the Soviets in the 1980s, are seen by the Bush administration as the best hope of achieving peace in Afghanistan once the Taliban and Al-Qaeda are eliminated. Some rebel elements of the Taliban regime might contribute to the process. To this end, a new phrase entered the lexicon of Afghan warspeak this past week. "moderate Taliban" was the term coined by Musharraf to describe these supposed partners-in-waiting for national reconciliation.

Abdullah was quick to object to that characterization. No such individual or group exists, he said: within the upper ranks of the Taliban. "If you're a moderate person," he told *Maclean's*, "and if you're a moderate Muslim, then you want nothing to do with the Taliban." He ruled out any power-sharing arrangement with rebel factions of the regime. "Remember that for six years, they rejected negotiations. Even when it was clear that there was no decisive military result possible in Afghanistan, they continued to attack our people."

Of course Abdullah, like Pakistan's Musharraf, is pursuing a political agenda. But a quick tasting of opinion on the street—or village trail, in this case—reveals that Abdullah is not far out of step with his people. Twelve-year-old Zekriya just screws up her face with revulsion when asked about the Taliban. To help earn a few afghanis for her mother, she's selling home-made potato pancakes in the bazaar near Rostok, in Takhar province, the town her family came to for refuge a year ago when the Northern Alliance lost control of the nearby provincial capital, Taloquan. "The Taliban soldiers came to our home and told us to leave," she says. "We could see them burning our trees and fields as we walked away. They wouldn't let us take anything with us, and they beat my father. They took every afghani he had in his pockets." A pretty, engaging girl, Zekriya has had experiences that give her a calculating, cynical air far beyond her years. "A dog is better than a Talib," she says, "any Talib."

Aside from their unyielding stance regarding so-called moderate Talibs, the Northern Alliance will be trying hard to adopt an appealing posture for America and its allies. As the battle of Mazar shows, there can be no sure prospect of an early collapse of the

Taliban's military machine without the Alliance securing vastly increased U S air support. The static front line around the contested city of Taloquan, for one, cannot conceivably be altered by either the Northern Alliance or the Taliban garrison, which has long sought to break the year-long siege of the city With its logistics and command and control structures badly affected by U S air strikes elsewhere in the country, the Taliban garrison in Taloquan is too weak now to mount an offensive.



Zekriya in the market at Rostok

Andrew Hunter/Maclean's

But equally, the Northern Alliance hasn't anywhere near the requisite advantage in men, tanks and artillery that would give a thrust through the Taliban lines even a remote chance of success Unless, of course, some of the Taliban defences, particularly the 30 to 50 tanks and 200 heavy guns deployed along the 130-km-long front, were to be taken out from the air.

Mohammed Nawroz and Adel Shah, who crew a fairly well-maintained Northern Alliance T-55 tank, claim that nothing can get past them, but that there's not enough friendly firepower in the field to enable them to move forward from their mountaintop emplacement. Their Taliban foes stare back at them from trenches just 500 m away, sometimes waving or shouting abuse, or more often, popping off a few machine-gun rounds.

The exhaustion of this kind of static, wasting warfare is written in deep lines on the face of the Northern Alliance commander in this sector, Pir Mohammed. "In the past, the Talibs were stronger," he says, "but now they are dying." He tries to sound confident, but this is clearly a man trying to cheer himself up. "For 43 days, we fought to hold Taloquan," he recalls of the battle a year ago, "but it was no use They have new arms and equipment from Pakistan They have Pakistanis and Arabs and Chechens, who order the Afghans among them to fight, no matter how hopeless the conditions become."

Pir Mohammed and his men were cheered by the sound of U S jets over Taloquan this week. Gunner Nawroz saw one of the warplanes, and heard two loud explosions from the direction of the city But defeating the Taliban in Takhar province, and elsewhere in Afghanistan, will take more than just a passing interest from the Americans' airborne command centres, the AWACs aircraft, now circling over the region.

The difference now is that a new ground component to the war against Al-Qaeda and its hosts has begun With it, there's a growing acceptance by the Americans that only the armies already in the field, surrounding stubborn Taliban garrison cities, can deliver the coup de grace to the regime And in Mazar, Herat, Kunduz, Taloquan and most of all Kabul, those armies belong to the Northern Alliance. m

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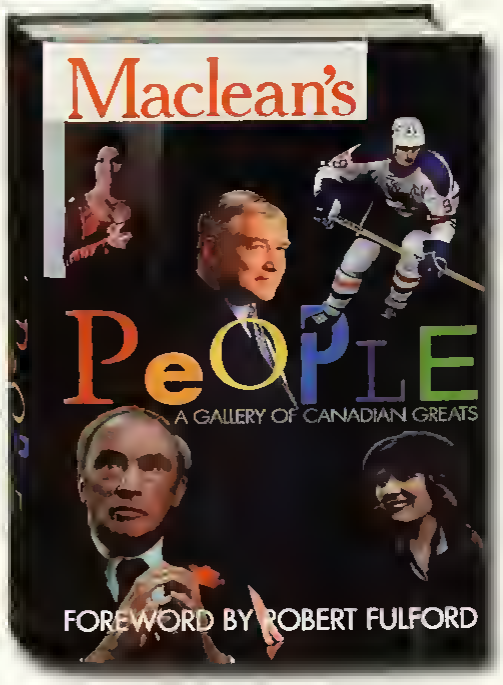


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AVENGING THE DEAD

Israel's hard line may hurt Washington's campaign



Zeevi is carried to his grave in Jerusalem, while Palestinians vow to fight on

The assassins struck at breakfast time in Jerusalem's luxurious Hyatt hotel, gunning down Israel's Tourism Minister Rehavam Zeevi. A former general, the ultra-nationalist Zeevi, who once referred to Arabs as "lice," was an outspoken foe of the Middle East peace process. But as Zeevi collapsed after being shot three times at point-blank range, the three Palestinian extremists who murdered him may have handed the 75-year-old politician a victory that eluded him in life, the complete collapse of already fragile peace talks.

His death also sent shock waves through Washington, where President George W. Bush is attempting to keep nervous Arab countries in the U.S.-led coalition against terror. The state department asked Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon to show restraint—and not further inflame Arab outrage over the Palestinian question. But Sharon, comparing the challenge posed by the shooting of Zeevi to that facing the U.S. after the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, froze all contact with Palestinian Authority chairman Yasser Arafat and hinted that Israel was about to unleash a broad assault on Palestinian terrorists—with no level of force being ruled out. Israel, Sharon declared, has entered a "new era," which he described as "an all-out war against the terrorists, those who provide cover for them, and those who assist them."

Israel has already been targeting Arab extremists for assassination. The three suspected gunmen belong to the extremist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, which claimed Zeevi was murdered to avenge the death of PFLP leader Mustafa Zibri, killed in an Israeli rocket attack on Aug. 27. And the violence continued the day following Zeevi's murder, Atef Abayat, the leader of a Palestinian militia in Bethlehem, died along with two others when a huge explosion ripped through his car. Israel would not admit responsibility for the blast, but Abayat had been near the top of the country's most-wanted list in connection with several fatal shootings. Palestinian gunmen responded by opening fire on a Jewish neighbourhood in Jerusalem. With that, Israel mounted its biggest military operation in over a year. Tanks and troops made six raids in three days, leaving at least 14 Palestinians dead and again raising the spectre of full-scale war. m



Prosperity, but not for all

For good or ill, in the late '90s the province became Mike Harris's Ontario

COMMENT

BY ALLAN R. GREGG



Peter Bregg/Maclean's

A pragmatist takes his leave of office

Few who have observed Mike Harris would describe him as inspirational, charismatic or visionary. The Ontario premier, who announced last week that he will step down as soon as his Progressive Conservative party chooses a successor, is a common, straightforward man of solid middle-class stock who takes pride in a no-nonsense, practical approach to problems. Yet, over a six-year tenure, he changed Canada's most unchangeable province in a way it hadn't experienced in five decades.

When Harris assumed office in 1995, his government inherited a $10-billion deficit and an electorate who believed their affairs had been badly mismanaged by Liberals and New Democrats for eight years. While voters were looking for little more than stability and good government, Harris had campaigned on a right-of-centre platform that included a pledge to keep every promise he made. In stark contrast to others who have made similar promises, he did precisely that.

His first four years were a whirlwind of radical measures designed to do nothing less than transform public institutions across Ontario. His Common Sense Revolution restructured health care, reorganized municipal governments, overhauled education and reduced the size and activities of government. To the surprise of some and dismay of others, if the public did not warmly embrace either Harris or his revolution, it backed him over his many opponents in and outside the legislature, time after time.

For good or ill, by the end of his first term in 1999, the province had become Mike Harris's Ontario. On the positive side, he must get credit for the unprecedented prosperity that made the province the consistent growth leader in the nation, for bringing order and balance to government finances, and for forcing the complacent to examine the operation and role of public institutions that had been slow to adapt to the realities of the late 20th century.

But there was also fallout from the unbridled pursuit of these ends. More and more, it became apparent that the prosperity was not being equally shared. Consequently, today we have more homelessness, poverty and want in the face of plenty than we have ever witnessed in our lifetimes. The inherent conflict generated by the zealous pursuit of his goals encouraged a form of social Darwinism that pitted one region and group against the other, ever certain of the justification of advancing its own interests, even if it was at the expense of the larger good.

Harris also cast a shadow beyond Ontario's borders. His steadfast adherence to reducing spending and his early championing of tax reduction anchored an agenda of fiscal conservatives that infected all governments, at all levels, throughout the nation. Alberta's Ralph Klein was making similar efforts, but he and his province alone would not have had this influence. By the end of the decade, every government in Canada was repeating the Harris mantra: "Governments must balance their books."

Harris also steered Ontario on a very different course in its relationship with Ottawa and the other provinces. For eight decades, Ontario's place in Confederation had been to play the role of the nation builder and national conciliator. That meant putting the interests of the country ahead of any single part, while at the same time making every effort to accommodate Quebec's aspirations and special needs—in short, behaving not like a region, but as a handmaiden to Ottawa in its mission to balance competing provincial interests. This was the legacy of former premiers George Drew, Leslie Frost, John Robarts and William Davis.

But in Harris, Ontario had a premier who forcefully advanced the province's interests with Ottawa. He demanded more transfer payments for health care to cover the high costs of providing these services in Ontario. He questioned Nova Scotia's right to receive full royalties for its offshore oil without altering its equalization payments from Ontario. And he rejected special status for Quebec, saying powers extended to one region must be available to all. This Ontario-first posture altered the balance of power in federal-provincial relations and blocked any new national initiatives that might require provincial co-operation or support.

Harris may have pursued an ideologically driven agenda, but he was never an ideologue himself. As a young backbencher, he had a mentor and friend in the late Larry Grossman, the reddest of Ontario's Red Tories of the time. When Harris put forward many right-of-centre initiatives, it was because he sensed the population understood the perils of clinging to the status quo as the rest of the world changed. He also knew that the only way to garner acceptance for those tough measures was to argue for their necessity rather than their rightness. He had a common touch, typical of a common man. At his core, Harris is a pragmatist who understands that political longevity is predicated on common sense, and not revolution.

Allan R. Gregg is chairman of the polling and consulting firm The Strategic Counsel.



Paul Chiasson/CP



Stuart Ramson/Reuters

In his two years at the helm, Milton has faced trouble on just about every front

Will Milton be grounded?

Critics take aim at Air Canada's tough-guy CEO

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

When Robert Milton took over the reins at Air Canada in 1999, he was heralded as an efficiency whiz-kid. He was 39 and he'd already reorganized the airline's entire schedule, creating significant savings. Almost from the time he started at Air Canada, he was being groomed to one day assume the top job. His first words, once he got there, were music to the ears of investors. "It's time now," he declared, "to look after the shareholder."

It hasn't happened. Within days of Milton's crowning, Toronto mogul Gerry Schwartz of Onex Corp. launched a hostile takeover bid, setting off an intense battle for control of the Canadian airline industry. Milton won, of course, and Air Canada began folding Canadian Airlines International Ltd. under its wing. These days, Schwartz says he's counting his lucky stars that his dual bid for Air Canada and Canadian was, as he calls it, a failure. Milton must be wondering what he really won—and how long he can last.

Air Canada's takeover and integration of Canadian has been anything but efficient—and Milton's abrasive style has done little to smooth the way. Massive schedule disruptions have only provoked the ire of the travelling public. Employees are highly distrustful of a leader who, during his battle with Schwartz, promised they'd be the real winners if he succeeded. Today, thousands are facing layoffs. And the now-virulent friction between the formerly separate Air Canada and Canadian staffs has made it much more difficult to integrate the two operations.

Under Milton, the company has also been embroiled in countless competition skirmishes with its small-time counterparts, including WestJet Airlines Ltd. and Canada 3000 Inc., which accuse it of acting like a schoolyard bully. And it's been embarrassed by a high-profile slap on the wrist from securities regulators over phone calls made by company officials to airline analysts that weren't accompanied by a general news release.

Then there are the world's travails. Economic decline and a jump in fuel prices have hurt the company financially, leaving it in a weak state—and ill-equipped to deal with the blow that hit on Sept. 11. When Milton became Air Canada's chief executive in August, 1999 (he'd been named president in May), the company's share price was about $7. It rose, on the promise of merger efficiencies, to an all-time, but short-lived, high of $20.90 in May, 2000, and slid this year to trade between $6 and $7 in late summer. After Sept. 11, the stock went into free fall and closed last week at $1.80.

Ever since the terror attacks, Milton has been in crisis mode—and looking a bit rattled. His call for $3 billion to $4 billion in government aid was met with widespread derision. He managed to convince Transport Minister David Collenette to compensate air carriers for the cost of shutting down following the attacks. But at $160 million ($100 million to Air Canada and $60 million for other airlines), the bailout is a drop in the fuel tank compared with the $15 billion (U.S.) the American Congress is giving the U.S. airline industry. An attempt to cut 1,280 staff—part of the 12,500 total layoffs announced since last December—was thwarted by the Canadian Industrial Relations Board. Then, much to the confusion of many observers, Milton forged ahead with the launch of Tango, a no-frills, purple-tinted discount carrier set to fly next week.

All this turbulence comes amid talk that the company, even the whole industry, is in need of a major overhaul—one that could include Milton's departure. "The first thing I'd do is turf Robert Milton," says Ray Canon, an economist specializing in aviation at the University of Western Ontario. "He's part of the problem." Canon says Air Canada has to get its costs in line, improve customer service, gain concessions from its unions on labour costs—and not put its energy into launching a discount air service. Regarding Milton, he says, "they need new blood in there."

Not necessarily so, says Toronto investment banker Tom Caldwell. Air Canada's problems run much deeper than its CEO, he argues. From the time it was privatized in 1988, the company has been a "political football," Caldwell says, and Milton is hobbled by government interference.

Still, given his dreadful public image and toxic employee relations, Milton may find that Tango is his last waltz. m





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Donald Coxe

Why gas is a natural

Sept. 11 is one of those (thankfully) rare events that change the world. Already it has altered the way many people—in power and in ordinary life—look at airport security, skyscrapers, Disney World and unsolicited mail. It has transformed George W. Bush's foreign policy from laid-back to deeply engaged. Among the nations towards which the U.S. is revising its relationships and attitudes are Pakistan, Russia, Muslim states of the former Soviet Union, the oil-producing Arab countries—and Canada.

Canada didn't even make it to Bush's list of reliable allies in his call-to-arms address to Congress. That will change. Apart from the reality that 24 Canadians were among the victims in the World Trade Center, a sudden transformation of the American national agenda is of major significance to the Canadian economy. The decline in the share price of auto-parts giant Magna International as the revolving-door U.S.-Canada border suddenly got jammed was surely noticed in Ottawa, even if the candlelight vigils Canadians held could somehow be ignored.

Something else happened. Shares of Canadian gas producers have soared since the attack. In part, this represents the reallocation of profits by holders of Canadian Hunter Exploration Ltd. after Houston's Burlington Resources Inc. signed a takeover bid of $53 a share for the company on Oct. 8—Thanksgiving Day for those of us who had loaded up on shares of Hunter (and other gas-oriented Canadian producers) in anticipation of such an event.

More—much more—is involved. U.S. policy-makers and oil companies are rethinking their longer-term strategies in light of what Bush warns is a lengthy war on terrorism.

Natural gas shares had been languishing since the price of gas plummeted from an all-time peak of $10 (U.S.) to $2 per thousand cubic feet. Gas reserves in storage in the U.S. had climbed above seasonal norms at a time when demand was slumping due to recession and unusually cool early summer weather in California and the Midwest.

The collapse in gas prices proved to be a boon to strategic thinkers in the U.S. gas industry. They saw that a recent 40-per-cent increase in gas drilling had created just a one-per-cent increase in production, because the decline rate in output from new wells in the Gulf of Mexico—the last area for major new gas finds in the lower 48—is 39.7 per cent after the first year. Like Alice's Red Queen, the industry has to run fast to stand still. Lower gas prices meant lower share prices for Canadian producers, even though Canada and Alaska had become the industry's big hopes to meet future growth in gas demand.

Until Sept. 11, there was only one alternative to drawing on Canada for the large-scale supply needed to meet the intensifying U.S. shortage: liquefied natural gas, or LNG. Oilmen were telling me LNG was competitive with regular gas at $3.50 per thousand cubic feet. There's lots of gas available for liquefaction in the Middle East and Indonesia. So huge are those reserves that Mobil's Indonesia operations are said to have produced 20 per cent of that company's profits in the year before its takeover by Exxon in 1999.

That gas was shipped to East Asia. Or it was until rebel attacks forced Exxon Mobil Corp. to shut down its operations for four months this year. Any deficit could ultimately be made up from production in Qatar and Abu Dhabi.

Big Oil planned to get the U.S. on to LNG in a big way in coming years, because of declining production in the lower 48 and the delays in bringing on gas from Alaska and the Mackenzie Basin. I was told in Houston in June that by 2006, as much as seven per cent of U.S. gas consumption would come in tanker-borne LNG (up from just under one per cent now). In other words, the biggest contributor to meeting growth in demand over the medium term would be the liquefied product.

It's sad that Canadians are letting their energy firms go to U.S. strategic buyers at bargain prices. The world has changed

Fleets of LNG tankers entering U.S. ports may no longer look like godsends for the gas-strapped. Already, one plan to bring more LNG into Boston Harbor has been put on hold. Taking out a harbour by blowing up gas-filled tankers is a lot easier than hijacking and flying jet planes, and bin Laden's agents would be thoroughly familiar with the technology of those tankers and storage facilities because of the massive operations in the Gulf states.

So there could be a real squeeze on gas in coming years. As if that weren't big enough news for Canadian producers, the U.S. is rethinking its relationship with Saudi Arabia and other oil sheikdoms, and is getting much more interested in Alberta oilsands and heavy oil deposits. Expect Dick Cheney to lean on Big Oil to accelerate development of those fields as a strategic offset to the American dependence on the increasingly fragile Middle East regimes. And expect more U.S. bids for Canadian energy companies.

Frankly, I think it's sad that Canadians are letting these firms go to U.S. strategic buyers at bargain prices. The world has changed: so should the valuations of Canada's leading oil and gas stocks.

Donald Coxe is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Heward Investments





Petitti (in white) finds it 'inspiring' to play regularly with Jones (left), Espey and Schlumpf

LIVING LONG, AND LIVING WELL

New stats calculate the years Canadians can expect to live in full health

BY DANYLO HAWALESHKA

On an unusually warm weekday morning in early October, Norma Petitti, lean and smartly outfitted in a sporty skirt and blouse, takes a quick last swig from her coffee before dashing off to the Appleby Tennis Club in Burlington, Ont. Petitti, a school social worker who retired two years ago at age 60, is eager to get to her doubles match with friends Brenda Jones, 74, Helena Schlumpf, 72, and Shirley Espey, who would rather not give her age. The tennis is competitive, with long rallies punctuated by strong ground strokes sailing low over the net. "Not bad, eh, for old chickens like us?" Schlumpf says with a grin. Afterward, Petitti sizes up the match, which ends with sweat on everyone's brow and handshakes all around. "I look at these ladies and say, 'If I can play tennis until their age, I'm damn lucky,'" says Petitti. "It's inspiring."

Most Canadians already know that exercise and socializing contribute to a long, healthy life by keeping body, mind and spirit fresh. Still, increasingly creaky baby boomers—the first wave is already into its mid-50s—find themselves wondering how much longer they've got, and whether science is having any luck keeping Father Time at bay. The common if somewhat misleading yardstick has been life expectancy. Canadian women now live an average of 81 years, men 75. Only Japan, Sweden, Switzerland and Iceland have better records among the 30 OECD industrialized countries. But the life expectancy stats have traditionally left an important question unanswered: how many of our latter years will be good ones?

In partnership with the Canadian Institute for Health Information, Statistics Canada has come up with a new barometer that it calls disability-free life expectancy (page 52). On average, someone born in Canada today can expect to live 67 years free of ailments that limit physical activity. That figure is calculated from census data on disabilities, population estimates, and deaths at an early age that drag down the overall average for longevity.

Looked at another way, from the point of view of the current population aged 65, the picture is much brighter, simply because those who died younger are no longer part of the equation. According to the new calculations, 65-year-olds can expect roughly a decade of active living before disease or injury hobbles them. The focus in health care now, says Dr. Réjean Hébert, scientific director at the Institute of Healthy Aging in Sherbrooke, Que., "is not to add years of life, but to add life to the years." The challenge, he explains, is to reduce the number of years seniors spend disabled.

The problem is most acute in Nova Scotia's Cape Breton, which trails all of Canada's major health regions with a disability-free life expectancy at birth of just 60 years (page 54). The vast rural areas around Sudbury and North Bay, Ont., post only slightly better results. To a large extent that is predictable, given the health problems generally associated with lower levels of employment, income and education. But the new categories expose a curious paradox in Quebec.

Last year's *Maclean's* survey of the status of health of residents in 51 Canadian health regions placed 10 of the 11 Quebec regions in the bottom half. Yet it now turns out the province is indisputably Canada's capital for spry living. Quebec health regions occupy 10 of the top 12 spots for disability-free life expectancy at birth, with North/West Vancouver and Mississauga/Brampton/Burlington, Ont., the only others to crack the top dozen. Quebec regions also take eight of the 12 top spots in calculating how long seniors can expect to remain nimble. Why?

Part of the answer may lie in the social conditions of central Quebec that have produced the highest concentration of genetic disease in the world, says Dr. Jules Porter, director of the McGill Centre for Studies in Aging. "It's because the French-speaking bred together, cousin with cousin and this and that," he says, "especially in areas isolated in winters." Porter suspects deaths attributable to genetic disease, in some cases with an environmental trigger, are important factors in Quebec's relatively low status of health. Hébert in Sherbrooke agrees, adding that Quebecers who get sick appear to get very sick. "If some lethal diseases are more frequent in an area," says Hébert, "it's going to lower the total life expectancy, but also have the opposite effect on the disability-free life expectancy because these people are dying before being disabled."

Sudbury and North Bay aren't much better off, but for different reasons. Like many large rural regions, these communities struggle with access to health care, education, employment, poverty, and higher rates of smoking and drinking. "It's not just blaming people for their behaviours," says Dr. Penny Sutcliffe, the medical officer of health for the Sudbury & District Health Unit, "but also trying to make sure that we have environments that are supportive of good health—even things as basic as making sure there are effective smoking bylaws in the communities."

Smoking is a recurring theme. Dr. Catherine Whiting, medical officer of

health for the North Bay & District Health Unit, notes that a survey of Grade 7 and Grade 9 students in her area showed the ratio of children who smoke increased from 15 per cent in 1993 to 20 per cent in 1996. "The price of cigarettes in Ontario is one of the lowest in Canada," says Whiting, "and we know kids are price sensitive."

Federal Health Minister Allan Rock, who has been trying to shift Canadian attitudes towards health promotion and disease prevention, calls tobacco the No. 1 public health issue in the country. In an effort to take the glamour out of smoking, a total ban on tobacco sponsorship of public events like car races goes into effect in 2003. Hitting kids in their meagre wallets is part of the strategy, too, says Rock. "We have been steadily increasing taxes since 1994, most recently in April of this year," Rock told *Maclean's*. "Those taxes have to continue to rise."

Canada's longevity rate will not increase dramatically, however, even if smoking rates drop to zero. Overall life expectancy has risen steadily in most parts of the world. "But even in Jesus's time, when average life expectancy was about 35, there were people who were 60 and 70," says Poirier. "It's just that there were so many people dying at the age of 1 and 2 that it brought down the average lifespan drastically." By 1900, longevity had crept up to about 45 in the developed world. In the past century, it almost doubled, but again, not because many more people are living into their 80s or longer. Rather, far fewer are dying in childhood.

The human body, even disease-free, seems to hit a wall at about 120 years. The oldest person on record was Jeanne Calment, who died in 1997 in southern France at the very ripe age of 122. In Canada, the number of centenarians is doubling every nine years and is expected to climb to more than 30,000 in 2010 as the boomer bulge works its way through the bell curve of life. But even if all diseases were eliminated, the body would still wear out. The only way to change that, says Poirier, would be to genetically engineer a better human. "And that, of course," says Poirier, "opens a whole can of worms."

That hasn't stopped scientists from combing the human genome for a key to a longer, healthier life. Last August, scientists at the Howard Hughes Medical Institute in Boston announced they had identified a region of a human chromosome associated with longevity. A study of 137 sets of siblings over 90 identified a segment of chromosome 4 containing several hundred genes. The next step is to narrow the search to identify the gene or genes responsible for long life, says Dr. Chris MacKnight, an assistant professor of geriatric medicine at Dalhousie University in Halifax. Then the task would be to figure out what those genes do, and whether they can be exploited for medical gain. Any impact on longevity, however, is years away. "It's certainly not a fountain of youth quite yet," says MacKnight.

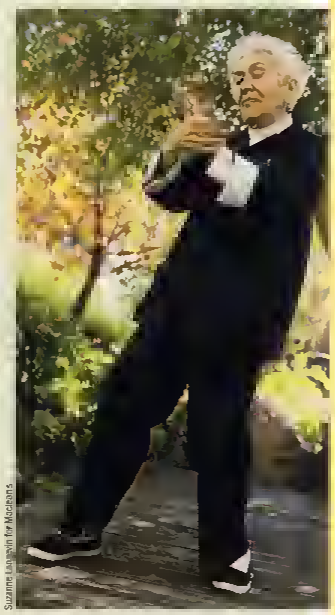
While scientists search for a genetic font, the public is seeking new ways to stay healthy and able-bodied. About a third of Canadians have used three or more natural health products, such as homeopathic or herbal remedies, in the past six months, says Earl Berger, managing director of *The Berger Population Health Monitor*, an independent, semi-annual newsletter. Many may be gaining great benefits, says Berger, but most don't tell their doctors about their alternative medications, leaving them at risk of adverse interactions with prescription drugs.

Scientific breakthroughs and alternative medicines aside, some basic health-care issues need to be addressed to improve long-term health. The first are what Dr. Henry Haddad, president of the Canadian Medical Association, calls health disparities. Examples: the poor are more likely to get sick, and aboriginals suffer higher than average rates of diabetes, tuberculosis and

BACK ON HER FEET WITH A CHINESE EXERCISE

Zsuzsa Harnad, who turns 84 this week, was pleased with the question. Harnad had just finished giving a class in t'ai chi ch'uan at a Montreal YMCA. A novice student of hers wanted proof that t'ai chi, the Chinese exercise characterized by fluid movement and meditation, is good for the mind, body and spirit. Harnad, a Hungarian immigrant, told the student about a painful misadventure that began with a misplaced footstep while crossing the street last May 6. Harnad lost her balance, fell and cracked her hip bone. She broke her left arm in two places, leaving the bone to poke through her skin. She was wheelchair-bound for a time and required a metal plate just above her wrist. But just four months later, Harnad was back at the Y, volunteering her skills as t'ai chi master. "That's what t'ai chi does for you," says Harnad. "Mentally, physically, in your spirit, you keep on, you succeed."

A vegetarian who enjoys fish, Harnad takes the occasional aerobics class to regain strength lost since the accident. While she's determined to regain her full health, she insists she's "not a fanatic." She eats what her body tells her it needs and takes a few simple vitamins. She smoked for years but gave it up in 1969 after an operation for ovarian cancer. In Europe, she swam, played tennis and did some fencing, which involves movements she regards as similar to t'ai chi. Arriving in Canada in 1948, Harnad built a successful business advising people with skin problems before retiring in her mid-70s. She has two sons and three grandchildren, and maintains what she calls, "a positive attitude." Harnad is concentrating now on regaining the 10 kg she lost during her recovery. "I don't want to leave it like this," she says. "After all, I have many more active years before me." *Danyle Hawaleshka*



Suzanne Langevin for Maclean's

Harnad maintains a positive attitude

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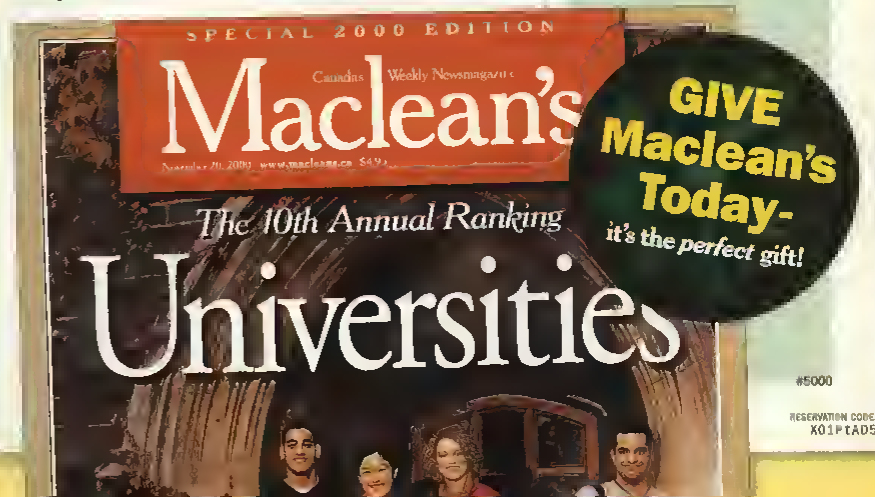
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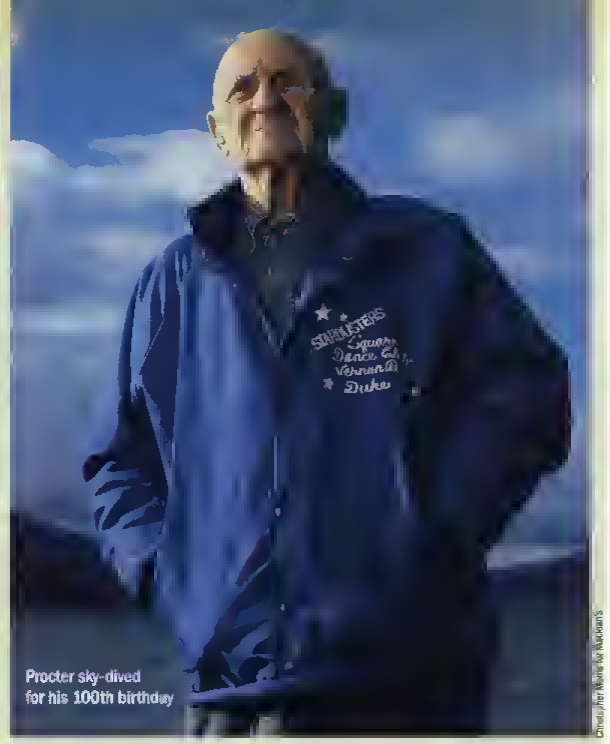
cancer. Another problem is children—15 million of them—going to school hungry "That means that their physical and mental development will suffer," says Haddad

The environment, Haddad adds, is in need of immediate emergency care "Studies show that 25 per cent of health problems are environmental in origin," he says On mental illness "People don't realize it's the second leading cause of disability and premature mortality in our country Surprised?" And, says Haddad, we need to deal with an obesity epidemic among children, which puts them at risk of diabetes, heart disease and other ailments

The picture is far from perfect in old age, as well On the plus side, there has been a 21-per-cent drop in deaths due to heart attacks over the past 13 years, according to the Heart and Stroke Foundation Unfortunately, almost half of the survivors continue to have heart-related problems, including a high risk of a second attack Part of the problem is the lack of rehabilitation programs aimed at teaching patients to reduce their risks, says Dr Anthony Graham, a foundation spokesman

Among other prime causes of elderly disability, Alzheimer's disease afflicts 300,000 Canadians There's no cure—the three drugs used to treat Alzheimer's slow but do not stop the memory loss Although work is under way on a vaccine that could halt the disease's spread, the theory behind it is contentious Another great disabler, cancer, strikes almost two in five Canadians. Then there's arthritis, "the single largest cause of long-term disability in this country," according to Denis Morrice, president of the Arthritis Society "I've always said, if you want to do something about health-care costs in this country, do something about arthritis."

Other attitudes also need changing There is no reason why someone with a disability cannot contribute to society, says epidemiologist Ian McDowell of the University of Ottawa. "We've tried to distinguish between those who may be perfectly healthy but aren't really doing very much," he says, "and those who are not healthy but are out there volunteering and basically contributing to society." The question, according to McDowell, is "Do we effectively put elderly people who have some mobility problems on the scrap heap, or do we get a little more contemporary with what healthy aging is?"



Procter sky-dived for his 100th birthday

Chris Jr Her Movie for Maclean's

ONE MAN'S KEY TO LONG LIFE: EAT PLENTY OF FAT

As an active 102 year old in Vernon, B C , William (Duke) Procter is used to having people ask him for health and diet tips. Eat fat, he says His wife, Clara, who died in 1990 at age 89, loved good, rich cooking, and he's kept up the tradition "I like meat with quite a bit of fat on it. It's hard to find that now," says Procter "I've got to eat a lot of pork, because that's the fattest meat you can find."

The key is "working it off" Procter was guiding a single-furrow plow on his parents' homestead near Lumby, B C , by age 12 By 16, he'd enlisted in the Canadian Army, spending much of the First World War in England Today, he still lives in the home he built in 1966 when he retired from farming. He keeps a vegetable garden He also square dances, goes bowling twice a week and pitches horseshoes—often finishing first or second in tournaments.

You'd think that would be enough, but he celebrated his 100th birthday by attaching himself to a parachute instructor and jumping from a plane. "You drop like a stone then the chute opens up and you float like a bird," he says of his first and only jump. "To tell you the truth, I should have had another one this year but maybe I'll take it after my next birthday"

Procter reluctantly quit driving this year after 81 years behind the wheel The problem was not *his* age but his car's. The Dodge he bought in 1966 finally rusted out. "To tell you the truth, I don't feel my age," he says. But then he adds, "I don t know what you're supposed to feel like when you're 102." ***Ken MacQueen***

There is, of course, no single magic solution for staying healthy longer In Burlington, Norma Petitti concedes she could do more. What she has going for her are her daily exercise, a wide range of interests, many friends and a healthy mind-set "I really work hard at not being negative about things," she says. Yet she's still trying to come to terms with one big problem, her 46-year smoking habit She hopes to stop, she says "I think about it all the time " Making healthy decisions isn't always easy, but the payoff can be huge a longer life, spent disability-free.

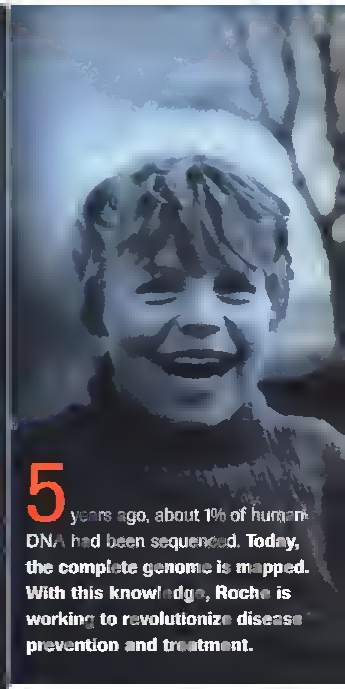
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THE OUTLOOK FOR NEWBORNS

	Years of disability-free life expectancy at birth			Life expectancy at birth		
	Both sexes	Males	Females	Both sexes	Males	Females
CANADA	**67.1**	**65.5**	**68.7**	**78.4**	**75.4**	**81.2**
Laval, Que.	71.1	69.5	72.6	78.8	75.9	81.4
North/West Vancouver	70.9	70.1	71.8	80.4	78.2	82.4
Quebec City	70	67.2	72.6	78.1	74.3	81.5
Longueuil/Brossard/Granby, Que.	70	68.3	71.8	78.3	75.4	81.1
Lévis, Que.	69.3	66.8	72	78.2	74.7	81.8
Montreal	69.2	67.3	71	78.1	74.8	81
St-Jérôme/Ste-Thérèse, Que.	69	67.1	70.9	77.3	74.4	80.2
Mississauga/Brampton/Burlington, Ont.	68.9	68.3	69.6	80.1	77.7	82.3
Joliette, Que.	68.7	66.9	70.7	77.4	74.4	80.5
Trois-Rivières/Drummondville, Que.	68.6	66.1	71.1	77.4	73.7	81
Rimouski, Que.	68.5	65.9	71.2	78	74.6	81.6
Chicoutimi, Que.	68.5	65.2	70.7	76.8	73.3	80.3
Markham/Richmond Hill, Ont.	68.2	67.4	69.1	79.6	77.3	81.8
Surrey, B.C.	68.1	67.1	69	79.6	77.1	82
Vancouver/Richmond	68.1	66	70.3	79.2	76.5	82.9
Sherbrooke, Que.	68	65.8	70.2	77.9	74.5	81.2
Victoria	67.7	66.3	69.1	79.7	77.2	82
Toronto	67.5	66	68.9	79.4	76.3	82.2
Calgary	67.5	66.7	68.4	79.5	77	81.8
Burnaby/Coquitlam/New Westminster, B.C.	67.5	66.2	68.7	79.1	76.2	81.8
Kelowna, B.C.	67.4	65.8	68.9	80.2	77.4	83.2
Kitchener/Waterloo, Ont.	67.3	66.2	68.5	78.9	76.1	81.5
Hull/Aylmer, Que.	67	65.2	69	77.1	74	80.1
St. John's, Nfld.	66.9	64.8	69	78.1	75.1	81.1
Regina	66.8	65	68.7	78.3	75	81.5
Saskatoon	66.7	65.5	67.9	78.3	76	81.8
Moncton, N.B.	66.6	64.5	68.8	78.8	75.4	82.2
Ottawa	66.6	65.4	67.7	79	76.3	81.3
Temiscaming, Que.	66.5	64.3	68.9	76.2	73.1	79.8
Winnipeg	66.5	65.3	67.7	78.1	75.4	80.5
Peterborough, Ont.	66.4	65.1	67.6	78.3	75.9	80.7
Owen Sound, Ont.	66.4	64.7	68	78.2	75.6	80.9
Edmonton	66.3	65.3	67.3	78.8	76.3	81.3
Prince Edward Island	66	63.8	68.4	77.9	74.5	81.5
St. Catharines/Niagara, Ont.	65.8	64.5	67.2	78.3	75.7	80.8
Nanaimo, B.C.	65.8	64.1	67.6	78.3	75.5	81.2
Lethbridge, Alta.	65.6	64.1	67.1	77.7	74.7	80.7
Red Deer, Alta.	65.6	64.2	67.1	78.3	75.5	80.8
Chilliwack, B.C.	65.6	64.1	67	78.6	76	81.2
Fredericton	65.4	63.5	67.3	77.7	74.8	80.7
London, Ont.	65.4	63.9	66.8	78.2	75.2	81
Halifax/Dartmouth	65.2	63.5	66.9	78	75.1	80.6
Hamilton	65.1	63.8	66.4	78	75.4	80.6
Windsor/Sarnia, Ont.	65	63.5	66.5	77.7	74.8	80.6
Prince George, B.C.	64.9	63	67.3	76.6	73.9	79.8
Brantford, Ont.	64.8	63.2	66.3	77.7	75	80.4
Saint John, N.B.	64.7	62.9	66.4	77.6	74.7	80.3
Kingston, Ont.	64.7	63	66.5	77.7	74.7	80.6
Kamloops, B.C.	64.6	63	66.3	77.2	74.3	80.3
Yarmouth/Digby, N.S.	63.8	61.5	66.2	77.5	74.5	80.5
Thunder Bay, Ont.	63.4	61.7	65.3	75.9	73.1	78.9
North Bay/Huntsville, Ont.	63	61	65.2	76.7	73.7	79.8
Sudbury, Ont.	62.7	60.8	64.7	76.6	73.8	79.6
Cape Breton, N.S.	60.3	57.6	62.9	76.1	72.5	79.4

A NEW CONCEPT

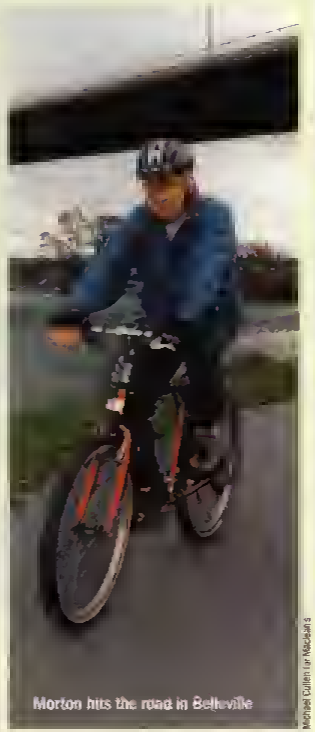
MEASURING DISABILFREE LIFE EXPECTANCY

"We're just trying to keep one step ahead of things," says 81-year-old Ralph Morton. The long-retired businessmen hadn't even been on a bike for about 40 years when he joined the Cyclopaths, a group of cyclists in Belleville, Ont., eight years ago. Since then, he's been a regular participant in their twice-weekly 40-km jaunts in June, they spent a week peddling through Prince Edward Island. Next summer, the Cyclopaths plan to bike and barge in Holland. Morton says he just does it to stay active and enjoy life. "If I didn't get regular exercise," he says, "I'd feel lousy."

Morton epitomizes the new statistical category at the heart of *Maclean's* third annual report on the status of health of Canadians: disability-free life expectancy. It's a quality-of life concept that builds on the traditional longevity stats to predict how long members of a population are likely to remain able-bodied. In an aging society, it's a sobering reminder that, while life expectancies have been growing, Canadians, on average, may spend a decade or so in less than full health. By staying active and fit, people like Morton are doing their best to prolong their healthy years.

Previous editions of this report have identified the healthiest clusters of Canadians, most notably in and around Vancouver and Toronto. Last year's report, embracing 51 health regions with populations over 100,000, based its findings on 16 indicators of community health. They included infant mortality and low-birth weights, incidence of deaths by cancers, circulatory and respiratory diseases and overall life expectancy for each region. For the most part, the data were averages of information collected in the three years from 1995 to 1997. That's still the latest information at the health region level available from Statistics Canada.

But the accompanying data are new, estimating disability-free life expectancies in descending order for all 54 Canadian health regions with populations over 125,000. "Quality of life is of more interest to Canadians than just knowing how long we are expected to live," says Statistics Canada analyst Jason Gilmore. One chart shows the outlook for newborns, on average, a life expectancy of 78.4 years, 67.1 of them disability free. The other shows that among those who make it to the age of 65, the outlook is brighter—they can expect 11 of their remaining 18.2 years to be disability free. Because Statistics Canada sees a lot of interest in this kind of data, its analysts are working on more quality-of-life indicators. One would measure what it calls health-adjusted life expectancy, a composite measure taking into account vision, hearing, mobility, mental state and other variable factors that are not necessarily disabling. The idea, says Gilmore, "is to help people better understand the state of health and well-being of Canadians."



Morton hits the road in Belleville

Michael Cullen for Maclean's

HOW IT LOOKS AT AGE 65

	Years of disability free life expectancy at 65			Life expectancy at 65		
	Both sexes	Males	Females	Both sexes	Males	Females
CANADA	**11**	**10.2**	**11.6**	**18.2**	**16.1**	**19.9**
Laval, Que.	12.7	11.8	13.4	18.1	15.8	20
Quebec City	12.4	11	13.4	18	15.2	20.1
North/West Vancouver	12.3	12.1	12.6	18.9	17.4	20.2
Montreal	12.2	11.4	12.8	18.1	15.7	19.8
Longueuil/Brossard/Granby, Que.	12	11.2	12.7	17.7	15.5	19.5
Vancouver/Richmond	12	11.3	12.5	19.4	17.1	21.3
Trois-Rivières/Drummondville, Que.	11.9	10.8	12.9	17.9	15.3	20.1
Lévis, Que.	11.8	10.6	12.8	18	15.6	20.3
St-Jérôme/Ste-Thérèse, Que.	11.8	10.9	12.6	17.2	15.2	19.1
Rimouski, Que.	11.6	10.6	12.5	18.1	15.8	20.2
Kelowna, B.C.	11.6	10.8	12.2	19.6	17.6	21.6
Victoria	11.6	11	12.1	19.2	17.5	20.5
Chicoutimi, Que.	11.5	10.6	12.3	17.2	14.8	19.3
Joliette, Que.	11.5	10.7	12.3	17.1	14.5	19.3
Sherbrooke, Que.	11.4	10.3	12.3	18.1	15.7	20.2
Surrey, B.C.	11.4	11	11.7	18.8	17	20.4
Toronto	11.3	10.7	11.7	18.9	16.9	20.6
Regina	11.3	10.4	12.1	18.7	16.4	20.8
Mississauga/Brampton/Burlington, Ont.	11.2	10.8	11.5	18.8	17	20.3
Hull/Aylmer, Que.	11.1	10.5	11.6	17.2	15.2	19
Saskatoon	11.1	10.5	11.6	18.8	16.6	20.8
Nanaimo, B.C.	11	10.5	11.5	18.7	17.1	20.2
Moncton, N.B.	10.9	9.7	11.9	18.6	16.2	20.7
Markham/Richmond Hill, Ont.	10.9	10.5	11.3	18.4	16.6	20
Kitchener/Waterloo, Ont.	10.8	10.2	11.4	18.1	15.9	19.9
Chilliwack, B.C.	10.8	10.3	11.2	18.6	16.9	20.1
St. John's, Nfld.	10.7	9.7	11.5	17.7	15.6	19.5
St. Catharines/Niagara, Ont.	10.7	10	11.3	17.9	16	19.6
Calgary	10.7	10.4	11	18.8	17.1	20.2
Burnaby/Coquitlam/New Westminster, B.C.	10.7	10.2	11.3	18.4	16.3	20.2
Winnipeg	10.6	9.9	11.2	18.1	16	19.8
Ottawa	10.5	10	11	18.4	16.4	20
Edmonton	10.5	10.2	10.9	18.6	16.6	20.2
Temiscaming, Que.	10.4	9.6	11.2	16.8	14.7	18.8
Owen Sound, Ont.	10.4	9.6	11.1	17.9	16	19.6
Lethbridge, Alta.	10.4	10.1	10.7	18.2	16.6	19.7
Red Deer, Alta.	10.4	9.7	10.9	18.3	16.7	19.7
Prince Edward Island	10.3	9	11.6	17.9	15.3	20.2
Hamilton	10.3	9.8	10.9	17.9	15.9	19.6
Peterborough, Ont.	10.2	9.6	10.7	17.7	15.9	19.3
London, Ont.	10.2	9.4	11	17.9	15.6	19.8
Kingston, Ont.	10.1	9.4	10.7	17.6	15.6	19.4
Windsor/Sarnia, Ont.	10	9.2	10.7	17.5	15.3	19.4
Kamloops, B.C.	9.9	9.5	10.2	17.9	16.2	19.5
Halifax/Dartmouth	9.8	8.8	10.7	17.6	15.4	19.4
Brantford, Ont.	9.8	9.1	10.5	17.5	15.5	19.2
Yarmouth/Digby, N.S.	9.6	8.5	10.6	17.8	15.6	19.9
Saint John, N.B.	9.6	8.7	10.3	17.4	15.3	19.2
Fredericton	9.6	8.4	10.7	17.5	15.3	19.5
Thunder Bay, Ont.	9.6	8.8	10.3	17.1	15.2	18.8
North Bay/Huntsville, Ont.	9.5	8.7	10.2	17.2	15	19.2
Prince George, B.C.	9.5	8.4	11	17.3	15.4	19.4
Sudbury, Ont.	9.1	8.3	9.9	17	15	18.9
Cape Breton, N.S.	8.4	6.8	9.8	16.7	14.3	18.9

BEATING THE ODDS

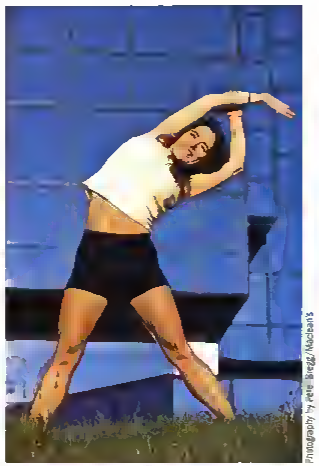
Cape Bretoners work hard to defy their region's last-place longevity stats

BY JOHN DeMONT in Sydney, N.S.

The retired steelworker and 13-year veteran of the gruelling Cabot Trail Relay footrace steps off his motorcycle at Polar Bear beach in the tiny Cape Breton community of South Bar. "Did you bring your bathing suit?" 72-year-old Eddie MacDougall demands of a visitor. Since the water temperature is just 15° C, the answer is no. That brings hoots of derisive laughter from the six men climbing over the rocks to the beach, all but one in their 70s. Maynard Morrison, the oldest at 78, has trouble seeing and needs to hold an arm to make his way down. A metal plaque above the beach commemorates William (Hoot) Jameson, who died of heart failure at 66 after a dip in the South Bar waters on New Year's Day, 1997.

But a little cold water isn't going to stop these guys. During the warmer months they hit the surf almost every day; even in the dead of winter the Polar Bear club convenes at least once a month. The boys are giddy as teenagers as they strip down to their bathing suits and pull caps over what's left of their white hair. "We know we all have to go sometime," says Vince MacDonald, a tall, erect 73-year-old who also spent his working days in Sydney's now-defunct steel mills. "I want to go while I'm doing something, not sitting on the sofa." Single file, they enter the water, their white bodies a sharp contrast to the icy green. Then, led by MacDougall—who goes for a five-kilometre swim when he really feels like getting a cardio burn—they head for a jagged point of land a couple of hundred metres away.

It's an inspiring sight, seniors braving the Atlantic waters for the sake of a little exercise. But since this is Cape Breton Island, the scene takes on a positively surreal quality. Here, people have one of the shortest life expectancies of any major health region in the country—76.1 years, on average, compared with 78.4 nationally. If those two-plus years don't seem all that significant, consider the quality-of-life factor. According to data published for the first time this year by Statistics Canada, someone born now in Cape Breton can generally count on living to just over 60 years before suffering some kind of disability, a figure disturbingly below the national average of 67.1 years. And there's more. Among Canadians now 65, Cape Breton reports the shortest life expectancy of the 54 major Canadian health regions—16.7 years—compared with 19.6 years in the nation-leading region, around Kelowna, B.C. What's worse, only 8.4 of those 16.7 years will be disability free—again, the worst estimation for any major region. The Polar Bear club is bucking the odds.



Killam (above) and the ladies at the Pensioners Hall get with the message

Photography by Peter Bregg/Maclean's



Why is it so difficult to grow old in this close-knit place that exerts such a magnetic pull for anyone born here? There's no single answer, says Dr. Robert Strang, one of Nova Scotia's medical officers of health. "It's no stretch to say that every health factor that could affect the citizens of Cape Breton does so in a negative way," he adds. Just living here seems to come at a price. Life in the coal mines and steel mills, which have traditionally provided most of the jobs in the hardscrabble region, has never been a picnic. Cape Bretoners suffer high levels of chronic work-related diseases such as arthritis, silicosis and other respiratory ailments. Statistics Canada figures also show they have an above-average chance of suffering a debilitating injury, another sign of just how hard it is to make a living at the northeastern tip of Nova Scotia. "When you spend your life in the mines, retirement isn't like it is in the television ads," says Steve Drake Sr., a 67-year-old Cape Breton from New Waterford who spent 38 years in the collieries and now takes 100 pills a week for his diabetes, arthritis and heart problems.

The miners and steelworkers aren't the only ones suffering. Cape Breton's smokestacks have left another legacy: a two-kilometre-long stretch of contaminated water and sludge within Sydney city limits, which some critics call North America's worst toxic-waste site. The average person on the street in Cape Breton has no doubt that the Sydney tar ponds account for a cancer rate 20 per cent higher than the provincial average, which is already the highest in Canada. "They try to tell us there's no connection," says Eric Brophy, an ex-serviceman living near the tar ponds who has lost his wife, father and numerous friends to cancer or respiratory disease. "All I know is we're getting tired of going to funerals around here."



MacDougall and his buff pals brave the cold Atlantic to stave off the ravages of age

Scientists aren't certain the tar ponds are killing anyone. But Health Canada and the Nova Scotia Cancer Registry have a two-year study under way to determine whether there is a direct link between Sydney's contaminated air, water and soil and its high cancer rates. All the same, nobody thinks *all* of Cape Breton's health problems can be traced to the toxic goo. Dr. Andrew Lynk, a pediatrician at Sydney's Cape Breton Regional Hospital, points to another villain: "Cape Bretoners simply smoke way too much."

Latest figures show that 33 per cent of Cape Bretoners over the age of 15 light up, the highest rate in Nova Scotia, Canada's most tobacco-addicted province. Experts say islanders' unwillingness to butt out contributes to elevated rates of a host of ailments, including lung cancer, coronary and heart disease, and bronchitis, asthma, emphysema and other respiratory problems. Unless trends change, Lynk predicts, 5,300 Cape Bretoners now under the age of 15—or a third of that group—will

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WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS



Health Report

become regular smokers, and 1,300 will die from their addiction in middle age

Smoking is one big problem, but experts also say that Nova Scotians, as a whole, eat too much fat and get too little exercise. No surprise, then, that its citizens have the highest rate of high blood pressure in Canada and are also among the most obese. Consider Rod MacArthur, a popular former county councillor in Sydney who quit smoking and drinking more than a decade ago. By then, he was more than 30 lb. overweight and suffered from high cholesterol. With two artificial knees after 32 years working as a railwayman for Sydney Steel Corp., MacArthur found it hard to hit the stair climber. Last March, just weeks after turning 65, he picked up a shovel to clear the walk in front of his home. The next morning, he was in the emergency department at the Cape Breton Regional Hospital, struggling for his life after a heart attack. "Before then," he says, "I thought of myself as a relatively healthy man."

Now, having dropped the excess weight through a fat-free diet and daily walks, MacArthur is the very model of healthy living. But experts say it's going to take a lot more than willpower to get the rest of Cape Breton healthy. That's because the main factors underlying the island's huge smoking, dietary and lifestyle problems are beyond any one individual's control, says David Rippey, the newly appointed director of population health for the Nova Scotia department of health. "Income and social status," he says, "are the single most important determinants of health." And Cape Breton, where the normal paycheque is 28 per cent below the national average, is no one's idea of the land of milk and honey.

A perpetually depressed economy means people wouldn't have the money to join the local Nubody's gym, even if there was one. The population base is swiftly aging as the young move away. What's more, on Cape Breton, where just 55.5 per cent of adults have completed high school—versus 67 per cent across Canada—many people simply don't have the knowledge to make correct diet and lifestyle choices.

"Young people are starting to get the message," says Michelle Killam, 35, a Sydney secretary who runs three times a week. Count Justin MacDonald among that number. A 17-year-old Sydney high-school student, he's a committed nonsmoker. He also plays basketball, football and hockey—and he insists his healthy lifestyle is not a rarity among his peers, no matter what the stats show. MacDonald's motivation is simple. "I look at my parents' generation and a lot of them are in lousy shape," he says. "I want things to be different for me."



Pete Bregg/Maclean's

MacDonald intends to lead a healthy life

The province is trying to help. It announced a $1-million antismoking program this month that will ban lighting up in public places and increase antismoking education for adults and in the schools. The Cape Breton Healthcare Complex—which includes Sydney's Cape Breton Regional Hospital and smaller facilities on the island—is taking steps, too. Among other things, it has launched a new program to help patients at risk of heart disease before they suffer the big one. "We fully recognize there's no short-term fix," says hospital CEO John Malcom. "It's a long-term battle."

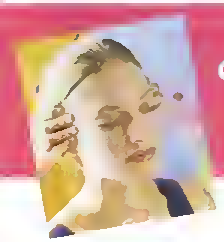
Nobody is throwing in the towel just yet. Proof can be found in a visit to the New Waterford Pensioners Hall any Monday or Wednesday at noon as a few dozen women in their 60s, 70s and 80s work out to a pulsing beat. "Life's too short to spend it sitting around in front of the television," says retired teacher Jean MacDonald, 65, during a break. Then she's back on the floor, stepping lively to *Play that Funky Music, White Boy*. It's an encouraging sight in a region where getting old, and staying healthy, is harder than in most.



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A Canadian is poised for stardom, not just because of *Star Wars*

As a teenager growing up in Toronto, Hayden Christensen figured he had a good shot at getting into an American university on a tennis scholarship. But instead of wielding a racquet, he ended up unleashing his backhand with a light sabre on the set of *Star Wars*. You probably haven't heard of Hayden Christensen. Not yet. This clean-cut 20-year-old Canadian is Hollywood's hot new discovery. Last year, in casting the next two features in the *Star Wars* franchise, director George Lucas picked the unknown actor from hundreds of young hopefuls to play Anakin Skywalker—the Jedi warrior who grows up to be Darth Vader. And when *Entertainment Weekly* devoted an issue to an "It List" of Hollywood's 100 most creative talents, Christensen's face was the one that graced the cover.

Of course, rocketing to fame as a Jedi action figure doesn't guarantee an enduring career—just ask Mark Hamill, who fizzled after playing the adult Anakin's son, Luke, in the original *Star Wars*. But critics are already comparing Christensen to James Dean. And long before his face starts appearing on lunch boxes with next summer's release of *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*, he has proven his talent as a serious actor. In *Life as a House*, which opens this week, Christensen delivers a knockout performance as a troubled teen with a divorced father (Kevin Kline) who's dying of cancer. It's a drama about building a new house in the ruins of a broken home. It's also a three-hankie weepie, and Christensen is its emotional detonator.

"He's astonishing," Kline told me recently. "He's the genuine article, and there's nothing flash in the pan about him. I think he's going to be the flavour of the millennium." Kline is droll and soft-spoken, a classically trained actor not prone to showbiz superlatives. But he seems truly impressed. "You're only as good as the people you're playing opposite," he says, "and Hayden just drew my best work out of me. It wasn't one of those cases where you're looking for that magical take from a young kid. *Every* take, even off camera, he gave me amazing stuff."



Christensen will be 'the flavour of the millennium'

Last month, Hayden and his family watched *Life as a House* receive a standing ovation at its world premiere during the Toronto International Film Festival. The next day, sitting on a hotel balcony high above his home town, he comes across as polite, well-spoken and circumspect. Wide blue eyes betray a wary vulnerability, but occasionally burn with movie-star intensity. There's a scar from a hockey puck above one eye, a faint trace of Canadian

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The actor, in *Star Wars: Episode II—Attack of the Clones*, and opposite Kline in *Life as a House*, shows his potential in two very different Hollywood productions

branding. With a lean, six foot, one-inch frame, Christensen looks like an athlete, and as he discusses his impending stardom you can imagine him conducting post-game interviews with the diplomatic poise of a Gretzky. Asked about fame, he shrugs. "It's not something I ever sought after. Anonymity is not something you can willingly give up. It has to be taken from you. There's something wrong with you if you're happy to let that part of you go."

The third of four children, Hayden was born in Vancouver, and moved to the Toronto suburb of Thornhill with his family when he was 6. His parents run their own communications company. Hayden first bumped into show business when he was 7. He was tagging along with his older sister, Hejsa, then junior world champion trampolinist at the age of 13. She was meeting with an agent after being cast in a commercial. The agent also signed up Hayden. Studying drama in high school, he developed a passion for acting. But he was more serious about sports—he played triple-A hockey and competitive tennis.

At 18, however, he landed a regular role in *Higher Ground*, a Fox series shot in Vancouver, as a teen who turns to drugs after being seduced by his stepmother. Schedule conflicts forced him to back out of two group auditions in Los Angeles for *Star Wars*. But then Lucas invited him to his Skywalker Ranch. "It was like meeting a rock star," recalls Christensen. "He has this huge entourage that follows him around." After a screen test with Natalie Portman, Christensen won the role, beating out Tom Hanks' son, Colin.

Shooting *Star Wars* two summers back was "thrilling," Christensen recalls. "Every morning I'd get to dress up in these Jedi robes and have my light sabre hang from my belt, and it's a very surreal feeling." Then, to play Sam, the drug-addicted Goth in *Life as a House*, he had to change gears rapidly. He shed 25 lb., dropping his weight to 140. Director Irwin Winkler wanted him to appear less imposing than Kline. Christensen also had to find his way into a character much darker than the young Darth Vadec. "I never went through the angst rebellion thing," he says. 'And the whole Goth thing I just could not understand—the concept of putting on blue eye shadow and wearing earrings."

Over the course of the movie, as his character reconciles with his father and helps him build his dream home on a California cliff, Christensen gets to shed the mask and strip his emotions bare. Winkler's direction, and the script by Mark Andrus (*As Good as It Gets*), are contrived. But that makes the truth of the performances even more remarkable. Kline, Christensen—and Kristin Scott Thomas, who plays his mother—all counteract the movie's sentimental undertow with sharp, detailed acting.

Meanwhile, Christensen, who still lives with his parents, waits for his life to change. After *Star Wars* hits next summer, it won't be the same. Last week I asked if he's had second thoughts about stardom in the sobering light of Sept. 11. "If anything," he said, "it makes me more confident that I'm doing the right thing. It makes films like *Life as a House* more pertinent. One of its recurring themes is that it sometimes takes something bad to happen to force something good." Spoken like a true Jedi.

Landscape of affliction

Kandahar journeys into the Afghan nightmare

At a time when the word Afghanistan is on everyone's lips, *Kandahar* arrives as a rare gift: a penetrating, and poetic, glimpse behind the veil of Taliban oppression. Part fable, part manifesto, part dreamlike document, this film takes us to a place where the news doesn't go. Directed by Iranian master Mohsen Makhmalbaf, it's the story of an Afghan-born Canadian named Nafas who embarks on a journey to the city of Kandahar, and gets stuck in refugee limbo. Her goal is to find her sister, who has threatened to commit suicide during the final solar eclipse of the millennium.

The drama was inspired by Nelofer Pazira, 27, an Afghan-born journalist and student from Ottawa. In 1998, she tried to find her way home to rescue a suicidal friend in Kabul, and asked Makhmalbaf to help. But, unable to enter the war-torn country, she had to abandon her quest. Two years later, Makhmalbaf asked her to star in a film based on her experience, although she'd never acted before. They shot in Iran, dangerously close to the Afghan border. "The director came close to being kidnapped," says Pazira. "The one thing that saved him is that he'd grown a long beard and was wearing traditional Afghan clothes."

The film juxtaposes images of haunting beauty and absurd affliction. Trying to reach Kandahar, Nafas infiltrates a wedding party of Afghan women who are covered head to foot in a rainbow array of *burkas*—a prison of colour. They trek across a naked landscape of desert dunes that suggest the contours of a woman's body. And on this yellow brick road to nowhere, Nafas gets stranded in a hell of beggar rogues and landmine amputees.

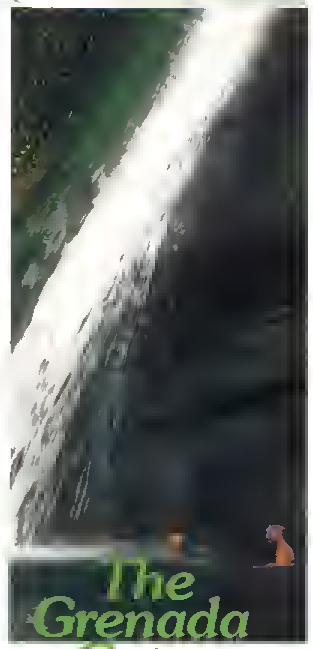
Makhmalbaf cast most of the film with actual refugees and aid workers. They include a disillusioned black American militant who dispenses medical aid. Removing his fake beard, he tells Nafas, "This is a man's *burka*, just like what you have is a woman's beard." *Kandahar*'s dialogue switches between English and Farsi, and the English portions often sound didactic and wooden, reflecting the actors' inexperience. But authenticity makes up for the dramatic lapses. We see a religious school where rows of boys bob their heads over the Koran and recite praises to the Kalashnikov rifle. An extraordinary scene shows amputees begging for artificial limbs from the Red Cross. And, in the film's most indelible image, a horde of one-legged men on crutches chases after artificial legs floating down by parachute—not so surreal in a land where the sky now rains bombs and peanut butter.

Brian D. Johnson



A glimpse behind the veil of Taliban oppression





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State of the sinful union

Two authors take the pulse of Uncle Sam

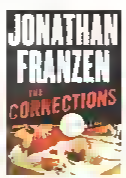
BY JOHN BEMROSE



Greg Martin

Franzen portrays a nation rabid with greed

First, there was free trade, and now we've joined our American neighbours on a military adventure, the results of which no one can safely predict. We've tied ourselves increasingly to the fate of the great republic to the south, but our familiarity with Americans is often superficial, gleaned mainly from their entertainment industry and the odd holiday. For some deeper insights into the workings of the American mind, better to turn to that old-fashioned artifact, the book. The adventures of the mad Captain Ahab—the protagonist of Herman Melville's 1851 novel, *Moby Dick*, which chronicles the pursuit of a great white whale—may well have more to say about where the U.S. is headed in the long run than the latest bulletin from CNN. So, too, with that country's best contemporary writers, figures such as Richard Ford, whose most recent collection of stories, *A Multitude of Sins* (Knopf, $34.95), dissects the vexed heart of the middle class. Or Jonathan Franzen, whose much-praised, hugely popular satire *The Corrections* (HarperFlamingo-Canada, $39.95) takes deadly aim at everything that currently constitutes success in America.



Franzen's book, in fact, makes the perfect rebuttal to anyone who claims Americans are incapable of self-criticism. He portrays a United States headlocked by its own greed, where unprecedented levels of personal wealth have produced a large but spiritually bankrupt privileged class. Yet he also captures America's strong suit: a titanic energy wedded to an optimism capable of endless self-renewal. It's the dissonance between these two things—the entrapping, siren spell of new wealth, and the perennial struggle to fight free to a better tomorrow—that generates the book's magic, including its explosive humour. *The Corrections* is the smartest, funniest satire in years.

Like Walt Whitman's poems, Franzen's vast comedy seems powered by an energy that rises from an entire society. Yet despite its multitudes of characters and milieus, it's mainly the story of a single upper-middle-class family, the Lamberts. As the novel opens, the aging parents are still living in the family home in the fictional midwestern town of St. Jude. The cantankerous Alfred, who is losing his faculties to Parkinson's, is in perpetual battle with his wife, Enid, who is determined to get him out of his favourite chair and into the sort of happy activities she sees other retired couples enjoying. The kids, meanwhile, have fled for the money-mines of the East Coast. Gary, the eldest, has gotten rich as a portfolio manager, but suffers a perpetual cold bath of disrespect from his pampered wife and children. Chip, his college-teacher brother, beds one of his students and promptly gets fired. Suddenly poor, he tries to steal a salmon steak from an upscale New York deli by hiding it in his trousers. Like his sister, Denise, who loses her job as a high-end chef, he begins to glimpse a terrible truth: the shame of being poor in a society that exalts wealth above all else is almost more debilitating than poverty itself.

The novel parodies the public face of

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America, with its relentless habit of cheerfulness. That whole attitude is encapsulated in the monomaniacally upbeat ship's doctor Enid meets during a luxury cruise. He prescribes a mood-altering pill called Aslan, named for the Christ-like lion in the Narnia tales. The drug masks all guilt and shame—the secret burden of virtually every character in the book. *The Corrections* is a morality tale that reveals another, unofficial America, where loneliness and strangeness are the truth behind the smile. That old ghost of American life, puritanism, stalks afresh here, albeit in weird new forms. In a country where the pursuit of happiness is virtually a religion, Gary monitors the state of his soul with all the fervour of a pilgrim father. He's not looking for sin, in the old sense, but for any evidence he might be (shame of shames) depressed.

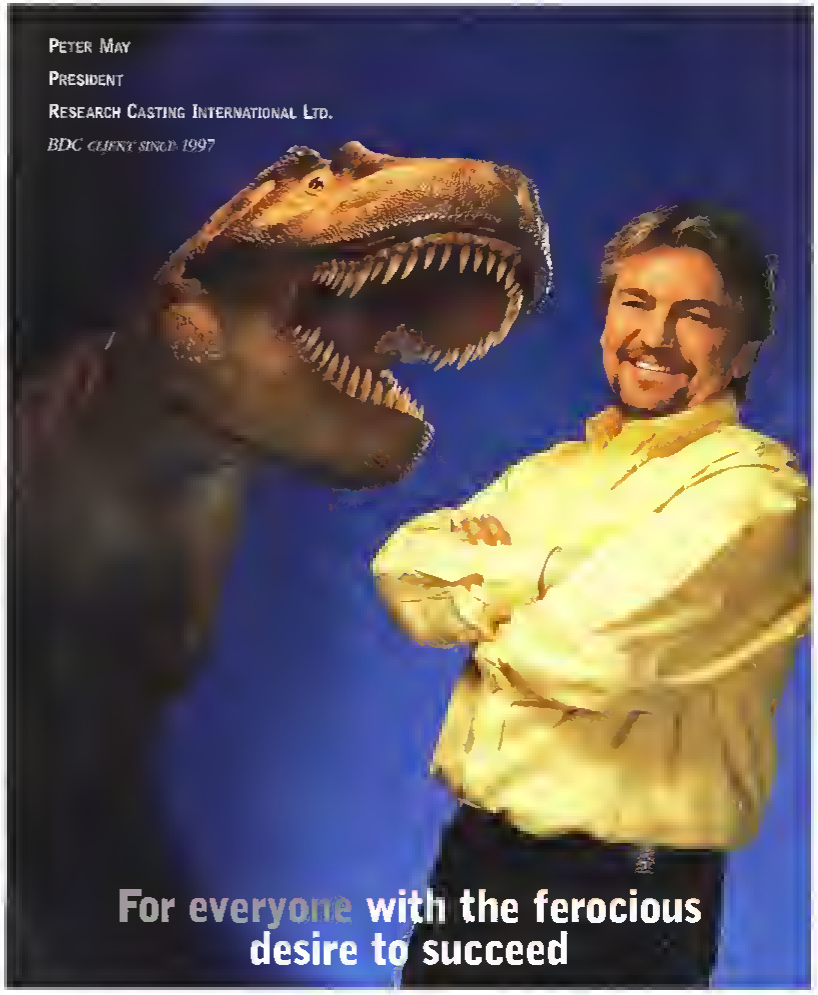
Meanwhile, Alfred's nightmares take the reader deep into the shady flip side of America's democratic inclusiveness. His mind addled by drugs and dementia, the old man thinks he's being attacked by one of his own turds, which taunts him for his secret fear and hatred of people who are unlike him. Alfred, it seems, can't stand foreigners of any kind. And he's disgusted by women with their "trail of Kleenexes and Tampaxes everywhere they go," not to mention "fairies with their doctor's office lubricants, and your Mediterraneans with their whiskers and their garlic." In fact, the only people Alfred approves of are uppet-middle-class northern European men. Alfred's a caricature, perhaps, but exaggeration is the soul of satire. Franzen has propelled a dart into the heart of North American power structures, where attitudes like Alfred's are arguably more common than we'd like to believe.



The Corrections—the title carries a moral overtone, and refers to every possible meaning of the word, from stock market corrections to the penal kind—does have its shortcomings. Although it compellingly maps the secret suffering of its main characters, its frenzied scenes are rarely as good at conveying the experience of that pain to the reader. For a more intimate and finely tuned exploration of human dilemmas, better to turn to the superb, gently melancholy stories in Ford's *A Multitude of Sins*. Illicit liaisons are the mainspring of most of these tales. In fact, like Updike, Ford appears to treat the extramarital affair as such a normal event, it appears as virtually a rite of passage for any mature man and woman. Guilt still happens, though, as well as self-betrayal—which often proves as poisonous as the betrayal as others.

Take the story "Quality Time," in which a journalist lies about what he actually feels in order to appear the man his lover requires. Or "Charity," in which an ex-policeman makes impossibly big demands on his wife in order that she will refuse them—and so give him an excuse to leave her. These are tortuous situations, involving an exploration of the inner state of the characters—something Ford manages as deftly as any American writer since Henry James. And yet, to say that Ford's subject is duplicity is to miss his full achievement. Many of his characters manifest their own kind of integrity and courage in painful situations, such as the narrator in the splendid "Calling," who recalls his youth as the son of a selfish, abandoning father. That story showcases Ford's ability to write a great dramatic scene. Re-creating a father-and-son duck-hunting adventure near New Orleans, Ford delineates the misty morning, the terror of the ducks and the psychological tensions among his human subjects with a thrilling, revelatory exactness.

Ford can make mistakes, such as the too-abrupt, melodramatic ending of "Under the Radar." But he gives a unique perspective on the United States. A Mississippian by birth, an outsider by temperament, he reveals a private America that is saddest and in many ways wiser than the bright, brassy America on public view. Of course, like Franzen, he also conveys insights that finally take his work beyond what is simply "American." The true state of the union may be found in Ford and Franzen, but so is the secret temper of our times. This is hardly surprising: the best writers have always appealed beyond their own societies. In making American experience so universally accessible, these two authors remind us of the deep well of ordinary, complicated humanness that lies beyond the stereotypes we too often mistake for the real thing. fm



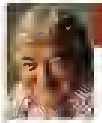
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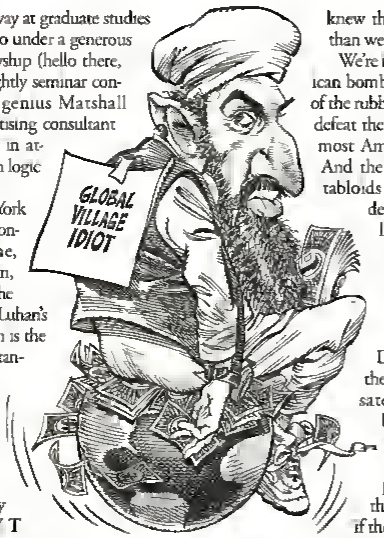


Allan Fotheringham

A national disgrace

A few years back, dabbling away at graduate studies at the University of Toronto under a generous Southam newspaper fellowship (hello there, Izzy), this scribbler fell into the nightly seminar conducted each week by the mad genius Marshall McLuhan. Every Bay Street advertising consultant worth his salt crowded the room in attempts to follow his wild leaps from logic to cyberspace.

Tom Wolfe came up from New York and wrote, in Manhattan's then-wonderful *Herald-Tribune* magazine, "What if McLuhan—like Einstein, like Freud, like Darwin—is right?" The supposition, of course, was about McLuhan's most famous premise—the medium is the message. It's why P Trudeau beat R Stanfield in three straight elections: he was so cool (meaning hot) on the new medium, TV, while dear old Bob in last year's necktie wilted and died.



One day the scribbler went to the head of the U of T political economy department, a nice man named W T Easterbrook, and confessed that McLuhan's meandering brilliance left the scribbler thinking himself a moron. "Not to worry," advised Easterbrook, who had been at the University of Manitoba with the genius and was a life-long friend. "I sit in on every one of his seminars," he said, "and I follow his thinking for a while and then he disappears into the ozone layer—about two months later he clicks on to my brain again and I understand what he's talking about. Not to worry."

McLuhan's major insight, however, may have been his now-famous pronouncement—as all futurists he talked simple common sense—that we live now in a "global village." Never proven more than when Stealth bombers take off from a base in Missouri and in 44 hours bomb Afghanistan, land to switch crews in Diego Garcia, a tiny British island in the middle of the Indian Ocean, and return home again. No one is safe, from anywhere.

Never proven so sadly as when a clutch of graduate students, trained at American flying schools, and armed only with box cutters, destroy the very emblems of the financial power of the richest and most powerful country in the history of civilization. At a time when the Republican administration is trying to get through Congress—America's allies nervous about the concept—a possibly $200-billion Star Wars dream of a missile shield in space. McLuhan, in his grave, must be chuckling. He knew the global village was even smaller than we have now realized.

We're into the global village where American bombers bomb the rubble that was left of the rubble left by the Russians who couldn't defeat the guys in caves in the country that most Americans couldn't find on a map. And the staff of sensational supermarket tabloids in Florida now fear suffocating death from a multimillionaire who lives in a cave. While American planes, after the bombs and missiles, drop humanitarian food packages that may feed the feeble Taliban troops.

Bobby Kennedy, after the John Diefenbaker waffling response to the 1962 Cuban missile showdown, sardonically told the aides in his brother's Oval Office that "Canada, in times of crisis, will give you all aid short of help." That, one suspects, must be the same reaction in the George W Bush Oval Office—if they can find the Ottawa postal code number—to the Chrétien offer to send off CF-18s that cannot land or take off from U S aircraft carriers because their pilots are not trained to do so, and helicopters that are 40 years old and the fact that our three submarines have recently been decommissioned as we await four new ones. We live in a global village and we are revealed as a hamlet.

We come out of this whole thing diminished—it revealed to all the NATO partners how disgraceful has been the undernourished armed forces, a fact that our own military people have known for years. The present prime minister is the one who said in Parliament at the beginning of the Gulf War that our troops and ships would be available but should be withdrawn once any shooting started. With that, any Washington seriousness about Ottawa evaporated—which is why Mexico became the closest North American partner.

No one expects Churchillian eloquence to come out of Ottawa. No one could. All that is wanted is some belief that this prosperous, rich country could—the current cliché—"punch above its weight" in world affairs. Perhaps past Luxembourg. Or maybe Belgium. It's disgraceful what is going on (actually what is not going on) in Ottawa with the Natural Governing Party. One cringes, when looking Americans in the eye.

Illustration for Maclean's by Ary Pitelkow



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